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THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE
GENERAL EDITOR: W. J. CRAIG

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

— V.34 —

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION

UNLESS Shakespeare owed suggestions to a play called *Troilus and Cressida* upon which Dekker and Chettle were engaged in 1599, but which has not come down to us, the plot of our drama may be taken as derived in the main from Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, and Lydgate's *Historye, Sege, and dystruccyon of Troye*. To these may be added Chapman's translation of the *Iliad* (of which books i. ii. and vii.-xi. were published in 1598) as furnishing hints of character; especially in the case of Thersites, whose portrait, physical and moral, is only more elaborately worked out by the dramatist. Of Shakespeare's obligations to Caxton and Lydgate there can be no doubt. On the question whether in the Cressida myth he was primarily and chiefly indebted to Chaucer, something will be said further on.

Troilus and Cressida was first published in 1609. It then appeared as a quarto, of which there were two impressions differing only in the title-page and in the fact that one of them is prefaced by an address to the reader. This address opens with the words "Eternal reader, you have heere a new play neuer stal'd with the stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full

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of the palme comicall"; and hence it was inferred that the impression in question was the earlier of the two quartos. As, however, the title-pages were evidently printed from the same form, and as the running title, *The History of Troilus and Cressida*, corresponds in each, the Cambridge Editors believe that the copies of the impression without the address were first issued for the theatre and afterwards those with it for general readers. "In this case," they remark, "the expression 'neuer stal'd with the stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar,' must refer to the first appearance of the play in type, unless we suppose that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than to state what was literally true."

No further publication of the play is known until it appeared in the folio of 1623. There it stands between the Histories and the Tragedies, and its position has given rise to much dispute. It was supposed by Steevens to have been unknown to the editors Heminge and Coudell till after the volume was almost printed off; and Farmer added, "It was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only." To these hypotheses Knight replies, "If these critics had carried their inquiries one step farther, they would have found that *Troilus and Cressida* was neither unknown nor forgotten by the editors of the first folio. It is more probable that they were only doubtful how to classify it. In the first quarto edition it is called a famous *History* in the title-page; but in the preface it is repeatedly

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mentioned as a *Comedy*. In the folio edition it bears the title of *The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida*. In that edition the Tragedies begin with *Coriolanus;* and the paging goes on regularly from 1 to 76, that last page bringing us within a hundred lines of the close of *Romeo and Juliet*. We then skip pages 77 and 78, *Romeo and Juliet* concluding with 79. Now the leaf of *Troilus and Cressida* on which Farmer observed an enumeration of pages includes the second and third pages of the play, and those are marked 79, 80. If the last page of *Romeo and Juliet* had been marked 77, as it ought to have been, and the first page of *Troilus* 78, we should have seen at once that this *Tragedy* was intended by the editors to follow *Romeo and Juliet*. But they found, or they were informed, that this extraordinary drama was neither a Comedy, nor a History, nor a Tragedy; and they therefore placed it between the Histories and the Tragedies, leaving it to the reader to make his own classification."

With regard to the discrepancies between the quarto and the folio, the Cambridge Editors write: "Some of the most important have been mentioned specially in the notes at the end of the play, and all others are recorded in the footnotes. We find in the Folio several passages essential to the sense of the context which do not exist in the Quarto, and which therefore must have been omitted by the negligence of a copyist or printer. On the other hand, we find some passages in the Quarto, not absolutely essential to the sense, though a decided improvement to it and quite in the author's manner, which either do not appear in the Folio at all, or appear in a mutilated form.

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Sometimes the lines which are wrongly divided in the Quarto are divided properly in the Folio, and *vice versâ:* in this point, however, the former is generally more correct than the latter. The two texts differ in many single words: sometimes the difference is clearly owing to a clerical or typographical error, but in other cases it appears to result from deliberate correction, first by the author himself, and secondly by some less skilful hand. . . . On the whole we are of opinion that the Quarto was printed from a transcript of the author's original MS.; that this MS. was afterwards revised and slightly altered by the author himself, and that before the first Folio was printed from it, it had been tampered with by another hand. Perhaps the corrections are due to the writer who did not shrink from prefixing to Shakespeare's play a prologue of his own."

The question of the date of composition is a difficult one, and various theories have endeavoured to solve it. Of these the most elaborate is that put forward by Fleay in 1876. Three plots, that critic held, are "interwoven, each of which is distinct in manner of treatment, and was composed at a different time from the other two. There is, first, the story of *Troylus and Cressida* which was earliest written, on the basis of Chaucer's poem; next comes the story of the challenge of Hector, their combat, and the slaying of Hector by Achilles, on the basis of Caxton's *Three Destructions of Troy:* and finally, the story of Ulysses' stratagem to induce Achilles to return to the battlefield by setting up Ajax as his rival, which was written after the publication of Chapman's *Homer*, from whom Thersites, a chief character in this part, was taken."

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The dates at which the several parts were written Fleay conjectured to be about 1594, 1595 and 1607; and the conclusion thus drawn was based upon the difference of thought and expression between the earlier and the latest stories, and secondly, upon metrical evidence according with this difference. In his *Introduction to Shakespearian Study*, published a year later, he merely says, "This play was originally acted by the Chamberlain's men *c.* 1601, and was so entered for publication 7th February, 1603. . . . The play was rewritten (except the love story which remains nearly unchanged) before 1606, . . . and was printed in 1609, piratically, as a play, 'not staled with the stage'. It was first acted in its present form in 1609." . . . Other critics, with less minuteness of detail, believe that the original production, which they date somewhere between 1599 and 1602, was revised and enlarged between 1606 and 1609. Thus Verplanck,[1] to some extent anticipating Fleay, writes in 1847, "In *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and more especially in *Hamlet*, we have the direct evidence of the manner in which Shakespeare, after having sketched out a play on the fashion of his youthful taste and skill, returned in after years to enlarge and remodel it, and enrich it with matured fruits of years of observation and reflection. . . . In such a recasting and improvement of a juvenile work, unless it was wholly rewritten—which seems never to have been Shakespeare's method—the work would bear the characteristics of the several periods of its composition, and with the vernal flush of his youthful fancy it would have its crudity of taste, but

[1] I quote from Rolfe's edition of the play, *n.d.*

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contrasted with the matured fulness of thought and the labouring intensity of compressed expression of his middle career. . . . Moreover, the style, and the verbal and metrical peculiarities, suggest other questions. There is much in the play recalling the rhymes and the dialogue of the Poet's earlier comedies, while the higher and more contemplative passages resemble the diction and measure of his middle period, . . . the author of *Romeo and Juliet* before 1595, might well have preceded it with the lighter loves of Cressida."[1] Others, again, date the whole of the play at 1608 or 1609. The advocates of the earliest date of a portion at all events of the story rely strongly on a passage in the old play of *Histriomastix* published not later than 1602 and apparently ridiculing Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* in the following lines:—

Troylus. Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, behold thy garter blue,
Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,
That when he shakes his furious speare,
The foe in shivering fearful sort,
May lay him down in death to snort.
Cressida. O knight with valour in thy face,
Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same
Therewith to make thy enemies lame:[2]

the allusion being to V. ii. of the play.

[1] These passages do not come consecutively in Verplanck's Introduction, but are pieced together in order to show to what extent they are in keeping with Fleay's theory.

[2] Mr. Gollancz, in his edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, points out that after l. 3 of this extract a line, ending with a rhyme to "blue," has dropped out, and that "wears" (l. 4) should be "wear" to rhyme with "spear". He adds, "This passage lends colour to the hypothesis that *Troilus and*

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The arguments in favour of a revision and reconstruction which Verplanck and Fleay deduce from thought and diction on the one hand and from metrical evidence on the other are in themselves forcible, the former more especially. To these are to be added the undramatic character of the play, apparent in its structure, its personages, and its purpose; its want of unity; and the desultory succession of incident and dialogue, noticed by various critics, which led Sir Walter Scott to say that it resembled "a legend, or a chronicle, rather than a dramatic composition," and which possibly account for its being styled a "History" in the quarto. There is, indeed, one consideration which makes it difficult to accept the revision theory, *viz.*, the cynical, belittling, sour spirit that besmirches the whole play and seems to testify to a passing mood of morbid disgust. Still, it may be argued that the portion which Fleay dates about 1607, that of the stratagem by which Ulysses tries to bring Achilles back to the battle-field, is the portion in which this spirit is least dominant. For though the Greek chiefs who take part in the plot are not the chiefs of Homer's ninth Book, though it is burlesqued, and we see none of the divine wrath of Pelides, Ulysses is not much degraded below the level of the *Iliad*, certainly is not a meaner man than him of the *Philoctetes*. Nor, again, is Thersites, here so prominent, painted with a deeper brush than that used by Homer. His portraiture is more of a full-length, but

Cressida originally had some real or supposed bearing on the theatrical quarrels of the day, Ajax representing Jonson and Thersites standing for Dekker; *rank Thersites with his mastic jaws* has been brought into connexion with Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1601) and Jonson's description of him in the *Poetaster*, 'one of the most overflowing rank wits of Rome'".

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the features are the same. If there was to be a revision and if this story was to be inserted, it is obvious that the characters must be made to harmonise as far as possible with the spirit of the play as at first conceived.

That the love-story was Shakespeare's starting-point is, I suppose, generally admitted. That in its delineation he followed Chaucer is generally assumed. Yet the whole tone of the story as dramatised is in most marked antithesis to that told by the older poet. In proof of this it is worth while, I think, to make a somewhat minute comparison between the poem and the play. Chaucer, in this following Boccaccio, makes Cressida a widow, and not only a widow but one of a cautious, self-contained nature, most desirous of avoiding scandal, of preserving her good name, and of living in what is now called respectability. Her father's desertion to the Greeks has exposed her to the danger of public resentment; but Hector supports her, and the excellence of her conduct, set off by the charms of personal beauty, gains her general admiration. No inherent levity of nature discovers itself, nor is it without great pressure that she is induced to betray any liking for Troilus. Pandarus, her uncle, with persistent eagerness dwells upon the miserable condition to which the Prince has been reduced by his absorbing passion for her, depicts him as a man of every virtue that should command respect and of every charm that could attract love. His military fame and his gallant bearing as she sees him on horseback appeal to her imagination with a force that is quickened by the knowledge of his devotion. Her scruples and timidity Pandarus strives to

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overcome by protests that neither he nor Troilus has a thought of proposing anything that would injure her reputation or shock her modesty. Still, the affair proceeds slowly, and hope deferred again prostrates the Prince. On the suggestion of Pandarus, he addresses her in a letter describing his wretched state. With reluctance she sends him an answer, but one professing a sisterly interest only. At this stage, with the assistance of Deiphobus and Helen, arrangements are made for a banquet to which Cressida is invited, and an interview between her and Troilus is planned in the hope that he may find such favour in her eyes as shall in some measure restore him to his former self. Two out of Chaucer's five Books are occupied in narrating with much amplitude what is here so meagrely condensed. With the third Book we come to the banquet. At its close Cressida is persuaded to go up to a chamber in which, unknown to her, Troilus is lying sick; and there with passionate emotion he implores only that he may be allowed to serve her as her true knight. With many adjurations that he should "in honour of trouthe and gentilnesse" "mene wel to her," she accepts his love, assuring him,

For every wo ye shall recovere a blisse.

After this they meet from time to time, but purity and self-restraint are never infringed. There is much avowal of high motives, and Pandarus strongly urges upon Troilus his niece's claim to respect and consideration. How far Shakespeare's "broker-lackey" had hitherto been wearing a mask, how far he was shortly afterwards impelled by mischievous glee and love of intrigue, it matters little to consider. Whatever the motives actuating him, he again

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bids Cressida, with her relative Antigone and her attending women, to a supper at his house. At nightfall the guests are about to depart, but a fierce storm bursts over the place and they are persuaded to remain till morning. When Cressida has retired to her chamber and all is still, Pandarus comes to her with a piteous tale how that Troilus, maddened with jealousy at hearing that she was destined to love another, had made his way through the storm and craved a sight of her. After much argument, he persuades her to see the Prince. A long-drawn colloquy ensues between the lovers, Troilus descanting upon his misery, and in the end so exciting her pity and her passion that she yields to his sensual desires. The third Book leaves the pair in the height of happiness. They meet, they consider themselves husband and wife, Troilus is stimulated by his joy to martial deeds, and all goes well, the public, meanwhile, being none the wiser. The fourth Book, which narrates the capture of Antenor and the arrangement whereby he is to be exchanged for Cressida, has little that bears upon her character, except that up to this time she had continued wholly faithful to Troilus. Whatever may be thought of her lax morality, there are no omens of inconstancy. In the fifth Book Cressida is escorted to the Grecian camp by the handsome Diomed, whose prowess as a soldier is as marked as his good looks. She hopes to be able to escape from her confinement and endeavours to reassure Troilus by promising to revisit Troy on the tenth day from their separation. Diomed, smitten by her beauty, begins to make love to her even on their short journey to the camp and vigorously presses

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his suit as soon as she has been made over to her father. For a time she resists his importunity, but before the ten days are over succumbs to the fascination of his wily tongue and personal gifts. Chaucer relates the fact, but does not describe the process. He seems tired and disappointed, feels perhaps that he has failed in delineating the character of his heroine, and only makes a lame attempt to reinstate her in our favour, or at least to modify our reproach, by declaring that her inconstancy was mainly due to pity for Diomed's devotion and that her defection has brought bitter sorrow to herself.

Shakespeare's Cressida is of a wholly different mould. From first to last she is consistent in levity of character, and her crowning act of faithlessness is but a true development of the traits outlined in the opening scene with Pandarus. There we find her free, nay, absolutely indelicate of speech, well seen in such japes as rise readily to the lewd lips of her filthy-minded uncle, and clearly no novice to vicious suggestion and innuendo. Her very confession of love for Troilus, made when left alone, breathes of the senses not of the heart, and the casual remark of Paris, "my disposer Cressida," shows in what light she was regarded at the Trojan court. Pretty as is the coquetry —foreshadowed in her self-communing—with which she tantalises the enamoured Prince, it is yet the coquetry of a wanton who listens without a blush when Pandarus chides her coyness with the suggestion "an 'twere dark, you'ld close sooner"; without a blush, when, upon Troilus's remark "You have bereft me of all words, lady," his comment is, "Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll

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bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question"; or, again, dropping all veil of decency, says, "if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me"; the coquetry of a wanton who, as the scene closes, accepts without demur his coarsely worded proposal that she should lose no time in gratifying her lust. The deed done, she receives with scarcely a pretence of shame the flouts with which that worthy greets her on the following morning. When the news comes that she is to be exchanged for Antenor, her grief is no doubt violent; and in the scenes immediately succeeding we have the only semblance of a love that is anything but mere animal passion. At the moment of parting from Troilus her professions of fidelity are abundant, and for that moment perhaps sincere. Yet it is something more than a lover's fears that prompts Troilus to exact so many vows of constancy and to suggest with reiteration the dangers to which she will be exposed from the fascination of the Grecian youth. He might well suspect that a love so lightly won would be as lightly lost. At any rate her passionate grief is of the shortest duration. Without rebuke she allows Diomed to protest his admiration even before she starts on her journey and while in the act of bidding farewell to Troilus. On arrival at the Grecian camp all traces of her better emotions have vanished. With easy insouciance she bandies *risqué* jests, with easy compliance she bandies kisses, among the assembled chiefs. Well may Ulysses say:—

> Fie, fie upon her!
> There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.

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O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

Her latest appearance shows her as having in a short ten days been "tempted" to "folly," as, indeed, already notorious for a "drab," as using her reminiscences of Troilus to fire the passion of Diomed, as confessing to herself that—

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

In short, while Chaucer's Cressida is a woman at the outset modest and reserved, who, exposed to strong temptation and beset by wily lures, yields to the promptings of passion, and, probably as a consequence of her first lapse, adds to that offence the stain of inconstancy, Shakespeare paints a character who at her best betrays the manners and morals of a grisette, at her worst can boast little more refinement and purity than Doll Tearsheet herself. If Shakespeare was in a pessimistic frame of mind, his pourtrayal of Cressida is easily accounted for. But we may further conjecture that his insight showed him how ill-suited for dramatic treatment was the view conceived or accepted by Chaucer; how impossible the reconcilement between the Cressida of the clear dawn and the Cressida of the murky sunset. I say this on the assumption that Shakespeare did take Chaucer and Chaucer alone as the source of the Cressida myth. Is this proven? The absence of any other known source—play, poem, or romance—dealing with the story in a cynical spirit does not seem conclusive. Nor is it improbable that a theme handled in so many

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languages by so many diverse artists should have varied in its conception and treatment, or impossible that Shakespeare should have had access to translations of which we know nothing.

For the romance literature dealing with the *Tale of Troy* is a large one. Earliest among the narratives that supplied material for that literature are the *Historia de Excidio Trojae* of Dares the Phrygian and the *Ephemeris Belli Trojani* of Dictys the Cretan, both of which writers pretended to belong to the Homeric age, but probably lived between the fifth and seventh centuries, and wrote in Latin. Next to these works perhaps come two Latin elegiac poems of the twelfth century, one anonymous, the other by Simon Chèvre d'Or, a canon in Paris. These, however, may be passed over as containing no mention of the Cressida myth. It is in the great *Roman de Troit* by Benôit de Sainte More, dated 1160, and running to close upon 30,000 lines, that we first meet with the loves of the faithless Briseida, daughter of Calchas. From this poem Boccaccio took the theme of his *Filostrato*,[1] the heroine in the Italian becoming Griseida in place of Briseida. The *Roman* was evidently very popular, for it was translated into German, somewhere about the end of the twelfth century, and in the thirteenth into Latin prose by Guido delle Colonne, who, however, did not mention that his work was a translation, but left it to be taken as an original

[1] Mr. Boas, whose *Shakespeare and his Predecessors* I had not the opportunity of seeing till this part of my Introduction was completed, says Boccaccio worked upon Guido's translation. Mr. Boas takes almost exactly the same view with myself on the Cressida question, and I may cheerfully add, writes with a charm which my narrative does not possess.

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production. It was from this prose version that Lydgate derived the materials for his *Troy Book*. By a curious fate, Guido's work was in part retranslated from the Latin into French by Raoul le Fevre. This translation had a great vogue, as we may judge by the fact that the first book printed in English was a translation of Raoul le Fevre which Caxton entitled *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*.

Chaucer's story was continued by the Scottish poet Henryson, who thought that punishment ought to be meted out to Cressida. Here is his portrait of her, stanza xii. of *The Testament of Cresseid*:—

> O, fair Cresseid! the floure and *A per se*
> Of Troy and Grece, how was thou fortunait!
> To change in filth all thy feminitie,
> And be with fleschelie lust sa maculait,
> And go amang the Greikis air and lait,
> Sa giglotlike, takand thy foull plesance;
> I have pietie thou suld fall in sic mischance.

He goes on to relate the sentence passed on her by Saturn and Cynthia, whereby she is afflicted with leprosy, condemned to the "spittail hous," and made to wander about as a beggar with "cop and clapper". Did Shakespeare take his first idea of Cressida from Henryson? So far back as *Henry the Fifth*, II. ii. 78-81, Pistol says:—

> O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
> No; to the spital go,
> And from the powdering-tub of infamy
> Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
> Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:

again, in *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 58-62, we have:—

> *Clown.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

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Viol. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.

Heywood who, in his *Iron Age*, parts i. and ii., treats the same story, abounds with reminiscences of Shakespeare and paints Cressida in even darker colours. Her defection from Troilus is represented as due to a conversation of some half-a-dozen lines with her father in which she prefers safety with Diomed to danger with Troilus; later on she excuses herself not as having yielded to a passion for the Greek, but merely as having obeyed her father's command; on the appearance of Sinon, who unblushingly avows to her his treacherous nature, she is persuaded after a five minutes' conversation to grant him her love; is on Diomed's reappearance contemptuously cast off by Sinon as "a fair Troian weather-hen"; and on the taking of Troy has already been "branded with leprosy".

If, however, in our play Cressida fares worse than any of the characters presented in this part of the story, the same acrid and depreciatory touch is upon nearly all of them. Pandarus, at all events in the earlier parts of Chaucer's poem, is represented as really fond of his niece and careful of her interests; while towards Troilus his attitude is rather that of an over-zealous friend who is ready to use every effort to rescue him from the unhappy plight into which love has brought him. Later on, it is true, his unscrupulous nature and love of intrigue reveal themselves, and when his mischief is accomplished he only chuckles over the villainous plot that has been the undoing of Cressida. But at his worst he never approaches in baseness the filthy, prurient, self-appointed tool who revels

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in garbage of words and garbage of deeds, and whom Shakespeare has damned for all time to come. Whence, then, if not from his own inner consciousness, did the dramatist derive suggestions for his portrait? Not from Chapman's *Iliad* (even if that part of the translation could have been seen in MS.), for the worst said of him there (bk. iv. 98-103) is as follows:—

> And [Pallas] sought for Lycian Pandarus, a man that being bred
> Out of a faithless family, she thought was fit to shed
> The blood of any innocent, and break the covenant sworn;
> He was Lycaon's son, whom Jove into a wolf did turn
> For sacrificing of a child, and yet in arms renowned
> As one that was inculpable.

Nor from Lydgate, for Pandarus, I believe, is only once mentioned in the *Troy Book;* nor from Boccaccio, whose Pandaro is young and chivalrous. As regards Ajax, Malone suggests that Shakespeare, finding in Lydgate a sketch of both Ajax Oileus and Ajax Telamonius, ascribes to the latter the ignoble traits given by his authority to the former; or that he confounded "Ajax Thelamon" of *The Destruction of Troy* with Ajax Oileus, there called simply "Ajax" and described as "of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders" . . . and "of no great enterprise". Again, Steevens points out that Lydgate, "who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer," takes upon him to reprehend the Greek poet for having magnified the chivalry of Achilles in making him cope and slay Hector single-handed. To this extent, then, Shakespeare may have had an excuse, that he followed the old romances. But it is abundantly clear that he knew better, and that he had some set purpose in debasing

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these two characters from the heroes of all classical lore to creatures not much loftier than the braggart Pistol. Agamemnon, Nestor and Hector, it is true, are not bedraggled beyond all recognition; yet no one can say that they are heroic after the pattern of Homer.[1]

The inner meaning of the play as a whole has found many diverse interpretations. Coleridge was "half-inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles of the Homeric into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer". Knight, in this following Ulrici, thinks that the whole tendency of the play, its incidents, its characterisation, is to lower what the Germans call herodom, and that to satirise such herodom Shakespeare wrote *Troilus and Cressida*. To this Verplanck cogently replies, "I suppose that there are very few readers in this practical and utilitarian world of England and America, who will give the very practical Shakespeare credit for so remote an object as a satire in which so few of his readers or audience could possibly sympathise, and which, in after

[1] Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Boas both suggest that in so belittling these heroes Shakespeare was prompted by ill-will towards Chapman, as being in all likelihood the rival who ousted him from his patron's favour. To me it seems altogether impossible that he should have prostituted his art to so poor and so obscure a purpose, or should have been guilty of so petty a revenge. Those who are curious on this point may be referred to Mr. Acheson's volume entitled *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*, a book that carries no conviction to me.

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ages, could escape the observation of Dryden, Johnson, Walter Scott, and even of the sagacious and over-refining Warburton". To me nothing could be more unlike Shakespeare than such an intention. Shakespeare is incidentally a satirist, but he does not propose to himself to write a satire. Such a proceeding is alien from his nature, alien from his conception of the dramatic scope, alien from his practice. Nor is he a moralist; that is, he does not mount the pulpit to preach a moral doctrine. A moral is of course to be found in his plays, as it is to be found in all stories of human action. But it is there because the poet taking certain characters and certain incidents, whether from history, fiction, or his own imagination, shows us dramatically how those characters would act among those incidents; not because he has chosen those characters and incidents to illustrate a particular theory of ethics or of politics. Grant White is of opinion that "Ulysses is the real hero of the play; the chief, or, at least, the great purpose of which is the utterance of the Ulyssean view of life; and in this play Shakespeare is Ulysses, or Ulysses Shakespeare". Here, again, I am compelled to dissent. Ulysses is by force of circumstances on the scene, and history fits him to be the mouthpiece of sound practical wisdom tinctured with a cynical purview of human motive. So far his mood was probably Shakespeare's mood for the nonce, and much that this character says may have been the utterance of Shakespeare's thoughts upon life. But that the dramatist should have had for his main purpose to use the hero as a stalking-horse behind which to launch his shafts, I cannot for a moment believe. Shakespeare's

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impersonality is so cardinal a doctrine in the interpretation of his mind and art that much stronger reasons would be necessary to persuade one that he here removed the mask and showed his features to the world. Dowden calls the play a "comedy of disillusion," and notices "a striking resemblance in its spirit and structure to *Timon of Athens*". So, too, Furnivall, who pertinently contrasts the tone of the play with that of *The Rape of Lucrece*, ll. 1366-1568, when dealing with characters common to both. Boas, whose study of the play is the most complete and most satisfactory that I know, says, among many other things, "In the *Lucrece* Shakspere had introduced an elaborate description of the siege of Troy, and had there referred to Helen as 'the strumpet that began this stir'. The phrase gives us an important clue to Shakspere's motive for combining in one play the story of Troilus and Cressida and the broader theme of the conflict between Greece and Troy. Helen and Cressida are made to figure in exactly the same light. Both are heartless and disloyal, yet they awake a devotion of which they are utterly unworthy. The infatuation of Troilus is paralleled by that of Menelaus and Paris whom Diomed cynically classes together as equally deserving of Helen :—

> He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
> Not making any scruple of her soilure,
> With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
> And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
> Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
> With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.

But Helen not only throws a spell over her individual lovers ; she brings two nations into conflict for the sake of her *beaux yeux*. As Diomed asserts :—

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> For every false drop in her bawdy veins
> A Grecian's life hath sunk: for every scruple
> Of her contaminated carrion weight
> A Trojan hath been slain.

Hector makes a similar statement in the Trojan council when he urges the surrender of Helen as the price of peace. In his eyes 'she is not worth what she doth cost the holding':—

> 'Tis mad idolatry
> To make the service greater than the god,
> And the will dotes, that is inclinable
> To what infectiously itself affects
> Without some image of the affected merit.

These lines strike the very keynote of the play, and knit together the two plots. The 'mad idolatry that makes the service greater than the god' is exemplified in the one on a personal, in the latter on a national scale. Troilus is infected by the mania as virulently as in his private character. His rhapsodies over Cressida are not more glowing than over Helen, the

> Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
> Wrinkles Apollo and makes stale the morning.

For her sake he, and, as is natural, Paris, are eager to risk the welfare of the entire Trojan state, and Hector, though he holds that 'the moral laws of nature and of nation' demand her restoration, yields to the impetuous counsels of his younger brothers and confesses that he has already sent 'a roisting challenge' among the Greeks. The debate moves throughout in the circle, not of antique, but of mediæval ideas. It illustrates and implicitly condemns the quixotic sacrifice of great national interests to a fantastic code of exaggerated gallantry." . . . Much more of this

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writer's admirable examination of the play I should like to quote, but can only advise those interested in the problem to study the whole of the chapter in which it is discussed by him. On the whole I think my own view, put shortly, is that being in a moody spirit and having, upon whatever prompting, taken the most cynical view of Cressida's character, Shakespeare "set down the keys that made the music" of the Homeric heroes whom he brought into the story, and giving prominence to the fact that the war was waged for "a cuckold and a whore," held cheap those who would fight upon such an argument. But the more I ponder the play, the more do I feel that, though Fleay may have laid down lines too hard and fast, there must have been some considerable revision, and that the "third story" of his division could not have belonged to the drama in its original form.

While the critics differ as to the meaning of the play, they are also at variance in regard to the greater or less skill with which the several characters are delineated. Thus Godwin writes, "But the great beauty of this play, as it is of all the genuine writings of Shakespeare . . . is that his men are men; his sentiments are living, and his characters marked with those delicate, evanescent, undefinable touches which identify them with the great delineation of nature". Again, Verplanck says, "Nor is there any drama more rich in variety and truth of character. The Grecian camp is filled with real and living men of all sorts of temper and talent." . . . Grant White, on the other hand, notices "a singular lack of that peculiar characteristic of Shakespeare's dramatic style, the marked distinction

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and nice discrimination of the individual traits, mental and moral, of the various personages. . . . The thoughtful reader will observe that Ulysses pervades the serious parts of the play, which is all Ulyssean in its thoughts and language. . . . For example, no two men could be more unlike in character than Achilles and Ulysses, and yet the former having asked the latter what he is reading, he, uttering his own thoughts, says as follows with the subsequent reply:—

Ulysses. A strange fellow here
Writes me: That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achilles. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Now these speeches are made of the same metal and coined in the same mint; and they both of them have the image and superscription of William Shakespeare. No words or thoughts could be more unsuited to that bold, bloody egoist, 'the broad Achilles,' than the reply he makes to Ulysses; but here Shakespeare was merely using the Greek champion as a lay figure to utter his own thoughts, which

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are perfectly in character with the son of Autolycus. Ulysses thus flows over the whole serious part of the play. Agamemnon, Nestor, Æneas and the rest all talk alike, and all like Ulysses." This similarity of tone and temperament cannot, it seems to me, be denied. Yet to admit it is to admit that Shakespeare has for once failed in what was the most distinctive mark of his superiority over all his compeers, and that too in a play in which intellect is at its highest; which displays the profoundest practical wisdom, the keenest insight into the motives and impulses of human nature. Surely we have here another incongruity added to the enigmas which baffle us in the general scheme.

The duration of the action of this play is thus stated by Mr. P. A. Daniel:—

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

Interval: the long-continued truce [I. iii. 261, 262].

„ 2. Act I. sc. iii., Act II., and Act III.

„ 3. Act IV., Act V. sc. i. and first part of sc. ii.

„ 4. Act V. the latter part of sc. ii. and sc. iii.-x.

But Mr. Daniel further points out certain discrepancies, among which the following may be specially noticed:—

"Act II. sc. iii. In the Grecian camp, before the tent of Achilles. The commanders 'rub the vein' of Ajax. Achilles declines to see them, but through Ulysses informs them that he 'will not to the field to-morrow' (l. 171). At the end of the scene Ulysses remarks:—

> To-morrow
> We must with all our main of power stand fast (ll. 268-9).

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These two passages are somewhat ambiguous, for in fact only the single combat between Hector and Ajax is resolved on for the morrow.

"Act III. sc. i. We are back again in Troy. Pandarus requests Paris to excuse Troilus to Priam, should 'the king call for him at supper' (l. 80). In this scene commences an extraordinary entanglement of the plot of the play. It is quite clear that from its position it must represent a portion of the day on which Hector sends his challenge to the Greeks: a day on which there could be no encounter between the hostile forces, and which in fact is but one day of a long-continued truce; yet in this scene Pandarus asks Paris, 'Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?' Paris replies, 'Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, *Antenor*, and all the gallantry of Troy'. Paris himself, it seems, nor Troilus went not. Towards the end of the scene a retreat is sounded, and Paris says:—

> They're come from the field; let us to Priam's hall
> To greet the warriors;

and he begs Helen to come 'help unarm our Hector'.

"Act III. sc. iii. In the Grecian camp. The allusions to the combat which is to come off *to-morrow* between Hector and Ajax are numerous in this scene, so that we are clearly still in the day on which Hector sent his challenge. But the entanglement of the plot which we noticed in Act III. sc. i. becomes here still more involved. Calchas says:—

> You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
> *Yesterday* took;

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and he requests that Antenor may be changed for his daughter Cressida. The commanders assent, and Diomedes is commissioned to effect the exchange. From this it appears that Antenor, who goes out to fight on this very day (see Act III. sc. i.)—when there is no fighting—was nevertheless taken prisoner the day before, during the long-continued truce."

For many illustrations of words and for genial co-operation in every way, I have to thank our General Editor, Mr. W. J. Craig; I wish also to thank my old friend, Mr. J. W. Sherer, C.S.I., for interesting information as to the bibliography of the Cressida myth: while to the labours of the Cambridge Editors in the matter of collation my debt, as will be seen in every page, is very large.

To the quotation on III. iii. 95 I should have added that in the Preface to his *Studies in Shakespeare* Mr. Churton Collins mentions that while the work was passing through the press he discovered that he had been anticipated by Grant White as to the parallel with the *First Alcibiades*.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} *his Sons.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} *Trojan Commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} *Grecian Commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

PROLOGUE

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures

2. *orgulous*] *orgillous* Ff. 8. *immures*] *emures* F 1.

The Prologue, wanting in the Quarto, is generally attributed to some other hand than Shakespeare's. Grant White, judging from the style, thinks that it was probably written by George Chapman, the dramatist, a contemporary and personal friend of our author.

2. *orgulous*] F. *orgueilleux*, "proud, surly, swelling, scornful," etc., Cotgrave. The word is found several times in Mallory's *King Arthur*. Compare Caxton's translation of *Reynard the Fox* (Arber, The Scholar's Library, p. 36), "he was so prowde and *orgillous* that he had alle other beestis in despyte which tofore had been his felaws". Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*, p. 7: "Then began men . . . to haunt the thorny desarts to fight and destroy the *orgillous* serpents".

6. *crownets*] properly a diminutive of "crown"; but, like its fuller form, "coronet," often used by Shakespeare as an equivalent to that word. In *Henry V.* Chorus, ii. 10, we have "crowns imperial, crowns and coronets," *i.e.* crowns such as are worn by emperors, by inferior sovereigns and by peers. Marlowe, *Edward I.* 1. i. 62, seems to use the word in the sense of bracelets:—

"*Crownets* of pearl about his naked arms".

8. *immures*] walls, fortifications. Though the verb is frequent in Shakespeare he has no instance of the substantive. In the *New Eng.*

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The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their war-like fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come

17. *Antenorides*] Theobald; *Antenoridus* Ff.

Dict. it is marked as rare and the only quotation is the present passage. Heywood has "mures" and "countermures".

13. *fraughtage*] freight, *sc.* of armed men. The word occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*, IV. i. 87. Compare *Pericles*, I. iv. 92-94:—

"And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow".

15. *brave*] fine, showy, well-adorned.

16. *Dardan . . . Troien*] Theobald alters to *Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian*, in order to make the names agree with those given by Dares Phrygius; but, as Dyce remarks, if Shakespeare wrote the Prologue he was not likely to have consulted that author. The same editor points out that in Caxton's *Recuyell* the gates are given as *dardane, tymbria, helyas, chetas, troyenne, antenorides;* and Steevens that Lydgate enumerates them as *Dardanydes, Tymbria, Heleas, Cetheas, Trojana* and *Anthonydes*.

18. *corresponsive*] the parts of which corresponded with each other; *fulfilling*, closely fitting into their sockets. The two epithets are expressive of the security obtained.

19. *Sperr*] Theobald's emendation of *Stirre, Stirr, Stir*, is the same word as *spar* = shut up, enclose. Compare Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, v. lxxvii. 6:—

"For whan he saugh hir dorres *sperred* alle".

It is found in *Piers the Plowman*, B text, xix. 162; Tollet's *Miscellany* (Arber, p. 255); *The Paston Letters*, i. 83 (Arber); Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, v. x. 37; and, in the form *spar*, in Jonson's *Staple of News*, II. i, "*spar* up all your doors".

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A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leap's o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad 'tis but the chance of war.

23-25. *A prologue . . . argument*] clad in armour as suitable to the subject of our play, not from any overweening confidence in the merits of our author or our actors. Jonson's *Poetaster* has an armed Prologue who thus discourses:—

"If any muse why I salute the stage
An armed Prologue; know 'tis a dangerous age;
Wherein who writes, hath need present his scenes
Fortyfold proof against the conjuring means
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.
'Gainst these have we put on this forced defence," etc.

The Epilogue to Part I. of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* begins: "Gentlemen, though I remain an armed Epilogue, I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us that acted it; but a most submissive suppliant for both". As a rule the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak; compare Prologue to Heywood's *Four Prentices*, etc., "Do you not know that I am the prologue? Do you not see this long black cloak upon my back?"

27. *vaunt*] van, first beginning; F. *avant: firstlings*, Steevens compares Genesis iv. 4: "And Abel, he also brought of the *firstlings* of his flock". For the figurative sense, compare *Macbeth*, IV. i. 147, 148:—

"The very *firstlings* of my heart shall be
The *firstlings* of my hand".

27. *broils*] now used of petty quarrels, bickerings, riots, had formerly the larger sense of war, battle, combat. Compare *Macbeth*, I. ii. 6:—

"Say to the king the knowledge of the *broil*
As thou didst leave it";

Othello, I. iii. 87, "feats of *broil* and battle"; very common in Chapman's *Iliad* in this sense.

29. *To what . . . play*] to what may be set forth in due order in the play. Compare *Hamlet*, II. ii. 460, "an excellent play, well *digested* in the scenes"; Lat., *digerere*, to carry through.

31. *Now good . . . war*] whatever your verdict, we take it as the chance of war; take what comes without murmuring at the chance.

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ACT I

SCENE I.—*Troy. Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my

1. *varlet*] servant to a knight or warrior; in ancient chivalry a synonym of "page," without any of the contemptuous sense which the word acquired later on; O.F. *varlet*, "a groom, also a younker, stripling, youth" (Cotgrave). An older spelling was *vaslet*, for *vassalet* (which does not exist), the regular diminutive of O.F. *vassal*, and so a young vassal. See Skeat, *Ety. Dict. s.v.*

6. *gear*] business; a word of wide signification in Shakespeare. Steevens quotes from the interlude of *King Darius*, 1565:—

"Wyll not yet *this geere be amended*
Nor your sinful acts corrected?"

7. *to their strength*] usually taken as = in addition to, etc., as often in Shakespeare. Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 187, prefers the sense of "up to," "in proportion to," "according to".

10. *fonder*] more foolish, the original sense of the word; participle of M.E. *fonnen*.

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part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—"When she comes!"—When is she thence?

16. *needs*] Omitted in Q.

19. *bolting*] sifting. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 375:—

"The fanned snow
That's *bolted* by the northern blasts".

The word is used figuratively also, as in the *Nonne Prestes Tale*, 420:—

"But I cannot *bulte* it to the bren," which Dryden modernised in his *Palamon and Arcite*:—

"I cannot *bolt* the matter to the bran".

29. *what*] of whatever nature.

30. *blench . . . sufferance*] shrink from suffering; *blench*, a word of very obscure history, originally meant to cheat, chide, from O.E. *blencan*, to deceive, cheat; later used transitively for to turn away the eye, and intransitively for to flinch. Compare *Measure for Measure*, IV. v. 5; Fletcher, *The False One*, IV. iv.: "Art thou so poor to *blench* at what thou hast done?"

32, 33. *thoughts, So traitor then she comes when she is thence*] Q; *thoughts So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence* Ff. 1, 2.

33. *So, traitor! . . . thence*] Rowe's correction; see cr. *n*.

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Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women: but for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her; but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, "she is fair";
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

39. *a storm*] Rowe; *a scorne* Q; *a-scorne* (or *a-scorn*) Ff.

37. *As wedged . . . twain*] was about to burst, as though split in half by a sigh.

40. *Buried . . . smile*] forced myself to hide my grief by fashioning my looks into a smile. Malone compares *Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 85: "he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies".

44. *go to*] never mind, let that be. An exclamation of impatience, reproof, exhortation, according to the context. *These were . . . women*, because Cressida would be so manifestly the fairer of the two.

55. *Pour'st . . . heart*] Barry conjectures that this line should be transposed to follow line 63, and so Lettsom, with the alteration to *Pour'd*, would read. The latter would also follow a suggestion made by Grant White, but not edited by him,

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Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense 60
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;

57. *discourse: O that her hand*] Q; *discourse. O that her Hand* Ff.

that in line 60 we should read, "And spirit of sense the cygnet's down is harsh," with the further change in the next line to "As the hard palm," etc.

57. The punctuation here is that of Malone. Staunton conjectured, "Handlest . . . hand,—O that, In whose," etc., or "Handlest in thy discourse her hand—O, that her hand," etc., and in any case would take Troilus to be repeating, or pretending to repeat, what Pandarus had said in praise of Cressida's hand—which does not seem by any means an improvement.

60, 61. *and spirit . . . ploughman*] Grant White's suggestion has already been mentioned. Hanmer gave "harsh to th' spirit," etc.; Warburton, "harsh (and spite of sense)," etc.; Capell, "harsh, in spirit," etc. The words "spirit of sense" have been explained "the most exquisite power of sensibility" (Johnson); "most delicate and ethereal touch" (Lettsom); "sense or sensibility itself" (Schmidt); and in support of such meaning it is usual to quote III. iii. 107, "That most pure spirit of sense" (*sc.* the eye). But it by no means follows that because the eye is called "That *most pure* spirit of sense" the words "spirit of sense" taken alone could bear any such explanation. I am inclined to think that we should read, "The cygnet's down is harsh *in* spirit, of sense Hard as," etc., *i.e.* in comparison with her hand the cygnet's down is in itself, in its nature, harsh, and in contact as hard, etc. The words "harsh" and "hard" would thus have a more appropriate sense. Chaucer's hyperbole as to Cressida's beauty, *Troilus and Criseyde*, I. xxv. 3, 4, is less poetical:—

"Right as our firste lettre is now an A,
In beautee first so stood she makeless".

62. *As*] This is what Ingleby, *Shakespeare, The Man and the Book*, vol. i. p. 147, calls "*the conjunction of reminder*, being employed by Shakespeare to introduce a subsidiary statement, qualifying, or even contradicting, what goes before, which the person addressed is required to take for granted"; as in *As You Like It*, III. v. 38:—

"What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed";

Measure for Measure, II. iv. 89:—

"Admit no other way to save his life,
As I subscribe not that nor any other";

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But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between, and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What! art thou angry, Pandarus? what! with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,

80. *not*] Omitted in Q.

Antony and Cleopatra, I. iv. 22:—

"Say this becomes him,
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish".

70, 71. *She has . . . hands*] probably means it rests with her to remedy the defect, perhaps, as Johnson suggests, with cosmetics. A proverbial expression. Compare *The Captives* (Bullen's Old Plays), iv. 122: "*Raphael.* Which if he have—— *Clowne.* Why then he hath and *the mends is in your owne hands*"; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Wild Goose Chase*, II. 1: "*The mends are in mine own hands*, or the surgeon's". Steevens, who explains, "She may make the best of a bad bargain," quotes *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands*"; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 605: "And if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their owne hands*, they must thank themselves"; and the above passage from Beaumont and Fletcher.

73. *I have had . . . travail*] the only reward of my exertion is the pains I have taken; *travail* is, of course, only another spelling of *travel* (the reading of the later folios) in order to distinguish between the literal and the figurative sense of the word.

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she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me! I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus. An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;

81, 82. *as fair . . . Sunday*] "as fair in ordinary apparel as Helen in holiday finery" (Staunton). Clarke thinks there is a particular reference to Friday as a day of abstinence and to Sunday as a day of festivity among Catholics.

83. *black-a-moor*] Originally "Black Moor," an Ethiopian, any very dark-skinned person. Compare Jonson, *The Fox*, I. i.: "Gypsies, and Jews, and *blackmoors*"; often formerly without any depreciatory sense.

86, 87. *She's a fool . . . father*] Calchas, according to Shakespeare's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war that was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for men of Troy, Apollo (says the book) answered unto him, saying: 'Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by agreement of the Gods'". Chapman also calls him a "bishop".

96. *clamours*] the abstract for the concrete.

99. *I . . . argument*] an allusion to fighting on an empty stomach.

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It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods! how do ye plague me.
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

103. *tetchy*] *teachy* Q, Ff. 104. *stubborn-chaste*] Theobald; *stubborne, chast* Q, Ff.

103. *tetchy*] fretful, peevish; M.E. *tecche* or *tache*, a habit, especially a bad habit; O.F. *tache*, a spot, stain, blemish. See Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*

105. *for . . . love*] I entreat you by the love you bear to Daphne.

108. *Ilium*] here the palace of Troy. Ilium was properly the name of the city; Troy, that of the country.

110. *sailing*] Daniel proposes *vailing*. "Note," he says, "that in the dialogue which precedes the soliloquy Pandarus professed himself angry with Troilus. See also line 103: 'And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,'" etc.

113. *sorts*] is fitting. Compare *e.g. Henry V.* IV. i. 63: "It *sorts* well with your fierceness".

118. *'tis but . . . scorn*] Does this mean "it is but a mere trifle which Paris can afford to treat with con-

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Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day.
Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may".
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,

tempt," or "it is but a scar in return for the scorn with which Paris regards Menelaus?" Brae conjectured, and Hudson adopts, *scorse*, *i.e.* exchange, barter; but the rhyme seems needed in a didactic saying of the kind. In *horn* there is the usual allusion to cuckoldom. The combat between Menelaus and Paris, and Hector's scornful tirade at the latter's cowardice, are told in Chapman's *Iliad*, iii. 26-60.

Scene II.

This scene is based upon Chaucer's description, *Troilus and Criseyde*, ii. xxvi. 176 ff.

3. *as subject*] as being under its dominion.

5. *Is, as . . . fix'd*] is of the nature of a fixed, unshakeable virtue. Warburton proposed, and Theobald accepted, "the Virtue," an alteration which seems far from an improvement.

7. *And, like . . . war*] and, as though in war as in peaceful life it was true economy to make the most of time. Compare *Henry V.* IV. i. 6, 7:—

"For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*";

and for "husbandry," *Macbeth*, II. i. 4:—

"There's *husbandry* in heaven;
Their candles are all out".

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Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so

8. *harness'd light*] *harnest lyte* Q, F 1; *harnest light* Ff 2, 3, 4. 12. *The noise . . . Greeks*] As in Q. Two lines in Ff.

8. *harness'd light*] It has been disputed whether "light" means "lightly" or "promptly". Warburton is very scornful at Theobald's doubting the former sense.

12. *The noise goes*] the rumour is. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. ii. 145: "Cleopatra, catching but the least *noise* of this, dies instantly". So v. ix. 3 below, "The *bruit* is, Hector's slain".

15. *a very . . . se*] unique. Compare Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, iii. 2: "Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of honour!" A phrase very frequent in old writers, who also have "A per se A," "E per se E," "I per se I," etc., sometimes with "of all," to express pre-eminent excellence. Thus Henryson, *The Testament of Cresseid*, stanza xii., calls Cressida "the floure and *A per se* of Troie and Grece".

20. *additions*] defined by Cowel (*Law Dict.*) as "a title given to a man besides his Christian and surname, showing his estate, degree, mystery, trade, place of dwelling, etc.". Both verse and prose of the period abound with the word in this sense. Thus Plutarch, speaking of the praenomen, nomen and agnomen of the Romans, says: "The third was some *addition* given, either for some act or notable service, or for some mark on their face, or of some shape of their body, or else for some special virtue they had" (*Coriolanus*, ed. Skeat, c. 7).

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crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down; the disdain and

31. *purblind*] *purblinde* Q; *purblinded* Ff. 36. *struck*] F 4; *strokes* Q, F 1; *strooke* F 2; *strook* F 3.

23. *humours*] In old physiology the four principal temperaments, *viz.* the sanguine, the phlegmatic, the choleric and the melancholic, were supposed to arise from four humours or fluids in the body, the fluids themselves being more remotely referred to the four elements; and what we should now term peculiarities of manner were then known as humours. The abuse of the word is ridiculed by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and by Jonson in *Every Man in His Humour*. See Nares, *Glossary*, *s.v.*

23, 24. *that his valour . . . discretion*] so that his valour is made a conglomerate with folly, and his folly is spiced and seasoned with discretion. For "sauced," Theobald conjectured "farced," *i.e.* stuffed.

26. *glimpse of*] tinge of, spark of. The *New Eng. Dict.* quotes Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, i. 33: "there is not any creature that hath so neere a *glimpse* of their (spirits) nature, as light in the Sunne and elements".

27. *stain*] tincture, admixture. Compare *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. i. 122: "You have some *stain* of soldier in you".

28, 29. *against the hair*] against the grain. Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. iii. 41; *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 100. In *1 Henry IV.* IV. i. 61: "The quality and *hair* of our attempt"; *hair* = peculiar nature.

33. *should*] can possibly. See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 325.

35. *coped*] met and fought with; F. *couper*, to strike, thence to come to blows, join battle. Compare Heywood, *A Challenge for Beauty*, vol. v. p. 67 (Pearson's Reprint):—

"Whose sword has *coped* brave champions for their fame".

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shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

43. *What's that?*] What do you mean by so praising Hector?

47. *cousin*] niece; a word very loosely used of old, as the derivation makes permissible.

56. *he . . . here*] *sc.* Alexander, Pandarus's servant.

72, 73. *in some degrees*] by many degrees. Compare Chapman, *Iliad*, xvi. 191, "thou strongest Greek by all degrees," said of Achilles.

75. *I would he were*] *sc.* himself, not distraught by love.

78. *Condition . . . India*] even if

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Cres. What! is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What! not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas! poor Troilus, I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

to bring that about I had to go, etc., a continuation of Pandarus's last speech. Compare Middleton, *The Old Law*, II. i. 202: "I would I had e'en Another father, *condition* he did the like"; Heywood, *Edward IV.* pt. i. vol. i. p. 51 (Pearson's Reprint): "I would I had not, *condition* she had all"; Chapman, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, IV. i.; "*Condition* I would set this message by".

83. *my heart*] my feelings.

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Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,—for so 'tis I must confess, not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she

88-90. *Th' other's not . . . year*] Troilus wants some years of Hector's age; you will sing another song when he is as old as Hector is now. Hector will not be as wise as he is for many a long day. For "this year" used indefinitely, compare *As You Like It*, II. iii. 74:—

"But at fourscore it is too late *a week*".

98. *favour*] complexion, feature, look. "'In beauty,'" says Bacon in his forty-third essay, "'that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour'. The word is now lost to us in that sense; but we still use *favoured* with *well*, *ill*, and perhaps other qualifying terms for featured or looking; as in Genesis xli. 4: 'The ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the well-favoured and fat kine'. *Favour* seems to be used for *face* from the same confusion or natural transference of meaning between the expressions for the feeling in the mind and the outward indication of it in the look that has led to the word *countenance*, which commonly denotes the latter, being sometimes employed, by a process the reverse of which we have in the case of *favour*, in the sense of at least one modification of the former, as when we speak of any one giving his *countenance* or *countenancing* it" (Craik, *Eng. of Shakespeare*, § 54).

106. *should have*] would necessarily have.

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praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, with-

110. *I had as lief*] The older construction of this idiom was "For me (it) were lever"; and so in Chaucer.

111, 112. *a copper nose*] a red nose, with a notion of base metal, as in Marston, ii *Antonio and Mellida*, I. ii. 85: "and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is *a copper nose*, and must be nailed up for a slip"; and as the result of drinking, Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, p. 155/2 (ed. Dyce): "Mother Water's strong ale will fit his turn to make him have *a copper nose*". The *Eng. Dial. Dict.* notes that the chaffinch is called the "copper finch" in Devon and Cornwall, and that "copper-topt" is red-haired in Northumberland, etc.

115. *a merry Greek*] a proverbial expression for one of a light heart, with something of a depreciatory sense. Staunton points out that the droll in *Ralph Roister Doister*, our earliest English comedy, is called "Mathewe *Merygreeke*," and Steevens that *grascari*, among the Romans, signified to "play the reveller".

117. *compassed*] (also *compass* as an adjective) = round, curved; applied to windows and roofs. The *New Eng. Dict.* quotes Leland, *Itin.*, "Mervelus fair *compacid* windoes". Compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii. 140, "a small *compassed* cape". In *Venus and Adonis*, 272, "his mane upon his *compass'd* crest," the word appears to mean "arched".

120. *a tapster's arithmetic*] *i.e.* a very small knowledge of arithmetic. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 43, to Moth's question "How many is one thrice told?" Armado replies, "I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a *tapster*".

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in three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she

125. *a lifter*] with a quibble on the word in the sense of a thief. Compare Greene, *James the Fourth*, iii. 1: "*Slip.* I am dead at a pocket, sir; why, I am a *lifter*, master, by my occupation. *Sir Bar.* A *lifter!* what is that? *Slip.* Why, sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and pick a purse as soon as any thief in the country." Also the modern "shop-lifter".

127. *puts me*] On this dativel use, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 220.

135. *an't were . . . autumn*] like a cloud portending a storm; not "a summer's cloud" (*Macbeth*, III. iv. 111) coming quickly and passing lightly away.

138, 139. *Troilus . . . so*] Troilus will not shrink from the proof, if that proof be that Helen loves him.

141. *addle*] addled; "*œuf abortif*: an addle egg" (Cotgrave).

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tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas! poor chin; many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white".

146. *marvellous*] Pope; *marvels* Q, F 1; *marvel's* Ff 2, 3; *marvell's* F 4.

148. *without the rack*] Compare Portia's banter of Bassanio, *The Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 26-29:—

"*Bass.* Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Port. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love."

154. *with millstones*] A proverbial expression applied to persons not addicted to weeping; as in *Richard III.* I. iii. 134; I. iv. 246; but here of laughter. Compare Massinger, *The City Madam*, iv. 3:—

"*For.* Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are used.
1 *Serj.* Yes, *millstones*."

165. *pretty*] apt, witty.

167, 170, 171. *one and fifty*] Theobald's correction of the old copies, "*two* and fifty". Dyce supposes

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Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two-and-fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

that the error arose from the MS. having the numbers in figures. "It is not to be doubted," he says, "that Shakespeare knew the exact number of sons which from the earliest times had been assigned to Priam . . . and it is utterly improbable that he would here needlessly deviate from the Homeric tradition." To Knight's remark that "The Margarelon of the romance-writers . . . is one of the additions to the old classical family," Dyce rejoins that "the romance-writers merely bestowed that name on one of the fifty sons whom antiquity had left unnamed".

174, 175. *the forked one*] another allusion to the horns of a cuckold. Compare *Othello*, III. iii. 276, "this *forked* plague".

178. *that it passed*] that it outwent all description. Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. i. 310: "the women have so cried and shrieked at it, *that it passed*". In her answer, Cressida pretends to take the word in its more usual sense.

184, 185. *an't were . . . April*] In such phrases Abbott supposes an ellipsis. See *S. G.* § 104. For the thought, Steevens compares *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. ii. 43, 44:—

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on".

187. *against May*] in anticipation of the coming of May. Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 99:—

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Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes over the stage.*

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

"I'll charm his eyes *against* she do appear";
Hamlet, I. i. 158:—
"Some say that ever '*gainst* that season comes," etc.

202. *he has . . . wit*] Steevens quotes Lydgate's description of Antenor's natural seriousness coupled with dryness of humour; *shrewd*, originally the past participle of *shrewen*, to curse, thence keen, sharp, whether in a good or a bad sense.

204. *whosoever*] *sc.* the other may be.

205. *a proper . . . person*] a man of comely personal appearance. Compare *1 Henry IV.* II. iii. 72: "*a proper person* of my hands"; *The Tempest*, II. ii. 63: "as *proper a man* as ever went on four legs". Capell conjectured "of's person".

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Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is a' not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid,

210. *If he do . . . more*] After the word *nod* in line 208 I believe we should insert *Ay*, as the commencement of Pandarus's answer. The pun on "noddy" will then be complete, as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 119-122: "*Proteus.* But what said he? *Speed* [First nodding]. Ay. *Proteus.* Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy. *Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod: And I say, 'Ay'. *Proteus.* And that set together is noddy." Cressida's answer (line 210) then becomes unmistakably plain; and no change such as Hanmer's *rest . . . none* or Staunton's *wretch . . . more* is necessary for *rich . . . more.* To "give the nod" and "the rich shall have more" were probably proverbial sayings.

220, 221. *There's laying . . . say*] there's proof of the fierceness of the fight. Compare Heywood, *1 Edward IV.* vol. i. p. 17 (Pearson's Reprint): "Will soundly *lay it on, take 't off who will*"; and, for a similarly inconsequent consequence, Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and No King*, v. i. 98:—

> "Do that you do not used to do, tell truth,
> Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
> *Wash 'em and put 'em in again that will*".

225. *God's lid*] (or abbreviated *'slid*) God's eyelid, a petty form of

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it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

PARIS *passes over.*

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS *passes over.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis

oath, similar to *'sblood*, *'sbody*, *'sdeath*, etc.

228. *Look ye*] On the distinction between *you* and *ye* in the original form of the language Abbott (*S.G.* § 236) remarks that by Elizabethan authors "*ye* seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties and rhetorical appeals," and quotes Jonson's *Grammar* [Of Syntax, chap. ii.]: "The second person plural is for reverence sake to one singular thing: Gower, lib. i.: 'O good *father* deare, Why make *ye* this heavy cheere?'"

238. *Can Helenus . . . uncle?*] Helenus being a priest.

243. *What . . . yonder?*] Recognising Troilus, Cressida says this to provoke Pandarus to eulogy, and perhaps to disguise the admiration which later on she confesses she had always felt for the Prince.

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Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here come more.

Soldiers pass over.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

258. *an eye*] Q; *money* Ff.

250, 251. *his helm . . . Hector's*] Compare Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, I. ii. 225:—

"His helm to-hewen was in twenty places".

254-256. *Had I . . . choice*] A confusion between "Had I a sister were a grace, *and* a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice," and "Had I a sister were a grace, *or* a daughter a goddess, he should have her".

260, 261. *chaff and bran*] recalls Falstaff's "food for powder, food for powder," *1 Henry IV.* IV. ii. 72: *porridge*] originally leek broth.

262. *i' the eyes of Troilus*] looking at Troilus, or, perhaps, when he is there looking upon me.

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Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. "Well, well!" Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon

275. *such like*] Q; *so forth* Ff.

273-276. *Is not birth . . . man?*] Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, II. iii. 157 ff.:—

"And eek his freshe brother Troilus
The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,
To whom that every vertu list abounde,
As alle trouthe and alle gentilesse,
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthinesse".

277-279. *and then . . . out*] a whimsical allusion to the custom of using dates in pastry as a seasoning. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. iv. 2; *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. i. 172, 173. It were to consider too curiously to subject Cressida's meaning to a strict scrutiny. Aristophanes would be the best scholiast here.

280. *You . . . woman!*] What a woman you are! *i.e.* how full of japes and jests! The folios give "such *another* woman," which is perhaps the better reading. Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iv. 160: "it is *such another* Nan". The expression in this contemptuous sense was indeed very common, *e.g.* Chapman, *The Gentleman Usher*, III. i.: "Come, you have *such another* plaguy tongue"; *May Day*, II. iii.: "Come, you are *such another*"; Middleton, *The Widow*, I. ii. 69: "you're *such another*".

280, 281. *at what . . . lie*] how to take you, what your posture of defence is. Compare *1 Henry IV.* II. iv. 215, 216: "Thou knowest my old *ward*; here I *lay* and thus I bore my point"; figuratively, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. 258: "I could drive her then from the *ward* of her purity". Both *ward* and *lie* were technical terms in fencing parlance.

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my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS'S *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*
I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

304. *bring, uncle*] Cambridge Edd.; *bring uncle* Q; *bring Vnkle* Ff 1, 2, 3; *bring Uncle*, F 4.

288. *Say . . . watches*] Cressida having used *watches* in the sense of vigilance, Pandarus, with an innuendo, takes up the word in that of keeping awake at night.

291, 292. *I can . . . blow*] I can take precautions to prevent you from telling, etc.

304. *To bring*] A cant expression frequent in the old dramatists. The exact sense is doubtful, though it seems always sinister, and commonly indicates retaliation. Among other passages, Dyce quotes Peele, *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, sc. vi. 76:—

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Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

"And I 'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promised me, and then *I 'll be with him to bring*"; Middleton, *The Family of Love*, III. ii. 2: "*Lipsalve.* Now, mistress Maria, ward yourself: if my strong hope fail not, *I shall be with you to bring*—— *Shrimp.* To bring what, sir? Some more of your kind?"; Shirley, *The Ball*, vol. iii. p. 36 (ed. Gifford and Dyce):—

"Why did I not strike her? but I will do something,
And *be with you to bring* before you think on't".

The phrase is of frequent occurrence in Heywood.

308. *in another's enterprise*] in scheming for another.

311. *Women . . . wooing*] women are accounted angels by men when making love to them.

312. *joy's . . . doing*] the very spirit, essence, of delight, lies in the act of doing, and perishes when the act is complete. Compare Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, Third Sestiad, lines 33, 34:—

"that unblessèd blessing
Which for lust's plague doth perish in possessing".

The later folios read "the soules joy lyes in doing". For "lies" Mason conjectured "dies"; Seymour, "lives".

314. *more than it is*] beyond its real value.

316. *got*] *sc.* by men.

317. *out of love*] taught by love.

318. *Achievement . . . beseech*] when men have achieved their desire, they have us at their command; so long as we hold out, their language is that of entreaty. Harness conjectures: "*Achiev'd, men us* com-

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Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. 320
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* AGAMEMNON'S *Tent.*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters 5
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10

319. *heart's content*] *hearts content* Q; *hearts Contents* Ff 1, 2, 3; *heart's content's* F 4.

mand"; and, less happily, Collier's MS. Corrector: "*Achiev'd, men still* command".

319. *my heart's content*] seems to mean "my heart in the fulness of its contentment". Warburton explained "content" as "capacity"; Malone doubtfully gives "my heart's satisfaction or joy, my well-pleased heart"; Steevens, "the acquiescence of my heart"; Mason conjectures "consent".

Scene III.

Stage direction. Sennet] a particular set of notes on a trumpet or cornet.

3. *proposition*] promise held out.

9. *Tortive and errant*] proleptic, so that it becomes tortive, etc. Rolfe notes that this is the only instance in Shakespeare of either of these adjectives. In *Othello*, I. iii. 362, "erring" is used in the literal sense of "wandering".

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That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

19. *call them shames*] Q; *think them shame* Ff. 19-21. *shames? . . . men*] Cambridge Edd.; *shames which . . . men* Q; *shame, which . . . men?* Ff.

11. *suppose*] supposition, expectation. Compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, v. i. 120; *Titus Andronicus*, I. i. 440.

12. *Troy walls*] Compare "Philippi fields," *Julius Cæsar*, v. v. 19; "Cyprus wars," *Othello*, I. i. 151, for substantives with an adjectival force in the case of localities, as frequently in the language of the day.

13. *Sith*] as a conjunction of inference is frequent in Shakespeare, but as an adverb of time occurs only in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 12.

15. *Bias . . . thwart*] Rolfe takes both words as adverbs; Hudson as nouns; Schmidt "bias" as an adverb, "thwart" as a verb; Delius notes that "trial" is the subject, "every action" the object.

16, 17. *And that . . . shape*] and that impalpable shape which it assumed in thought. The sentence is somewhat redundant.

18. *works*] acts, deeds. Walker pronounces the word to be "palpably wrong," and Dyce edits the conjecture of Collier's MS. Corrector, "wrecks".

20, 21. *the protractive . . . men*] the long-drawn-out trials by which Jove tests the possession of endurance by men.

23. *In fortune's love*] when fortune smiles.

24. *artist*] scholar. Compare *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii. 10; *Pericles*, II. iii. 15.

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The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy god-like seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat

27. *broad*] Q; *lowd* or *loud* Ff. 31. *thy godlike*] Theobald; *the godlike* Q; *thy godly* Ff. 36. *patient*] Ff; *ancient* Q.

25. *affin'd*] joined by affinity; in *Othello*, I. i. 39, II. iii. 218, bound by any tie.

30. *dies rich . . . unmingled*] is seen in all the richness of unalloyed purity; *unmingled*, here a quadrisyllable.

31. *god-like seat*] a Greek expression. Compare ἕδρα παγκρατής, Aeschylus, *P. V.* 389.

32. *apply*] drawn an inference from, moralise.

33. *reproof*] confutation, rebuff expressed by endurance.

39. *Thetis*] "a sea goddess; mother of Achilles. . . . Confounded with Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt). So, in *Pericles*, IV. iv. 39: "Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth"; though that scene is clearly not by Shakespeare. The confusion is not uncommon in the old dramatists, *e.g.* Marlowe, ii *Tamburlaine*, I. iii.: "The sun . . . Shall hide his head in *Thetis' watery* lap"; while in Latin both Tethys and Thetis are used by metonymy for the sea.

42. *Perseus' horse*] Malone notes that the only winged horse, Pegasus,

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Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Retorts to chiding fortune.

47. One line in Q, two in Ff. 48. *breese*] *Bryze* Q; *Brieze* or *Brize* Ff. 54. *Retorts*] Dyce; *Retires* or *Retyres* Ff.

mentioned in mythology belonged to Bellerophon, not to Perseus, but that Shakespeare here followed Lydgate who represents the Pegasus engendered from the blood of the slain Medusa as being "the most swift ship that was in all the world," and assures us that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "flew on the sea like a bird". To which Steevens replies that "unallegorised Perseus might fairly be styled Perseus' horse, because the heroism of Perseus had given him existence". In his translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, xii. 24, Marlowe writes: "Victorious Perseus a wing'd steed's back takes," and there is no doubt that by *Victor Abantiades* Ovid meant that hero, just as in *Metamorphoses*, vi. 137, he calls him *Ultor Abantiades*. Heywood, *The Silver Age*, vol. iii. p. 91 (Pearson's Reprint), has the same mistake: "Are you the noble Perseus . . . Fam'd for your winged steed . . . ?" So, too, in the anonymous play of *Timon*, IV. v.: "Perseus, hee had a winged horse".

45. *a toast*] "a rich morsel to be swallowed" (Schmidt); an allusion to the toasts put in liquor. Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 5.

46. *divide*] separate, stand aloof.

48. *breese*] gadfly. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. x. 14: [Cleopatra] "The *breese* upon her like a cow in June, Hoists sail and flies". Jonson, *The Poetaster*, III. 1: "This *brize* has prick'd my patience". Heywood, *Jupiter and Io*, vol. vi. p. 266 (Pearson's Reprint), distinguishes between the breese and the horsefly:—

"Keep her in shadow in the parching sun
Till she is stung with horseflies and the *bres*".

51. *fled*] are fled, if the text is sound; "get" and "flee" have been conjectured, and "are fled to" for "fled under".

54. *Retorts*] Dyce's conjecture. Lettsom proposes "Re-chides," which

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Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*To* AGAMEMNON] most mighty for thy place and sway,
[*To* NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As, Agamemnon, all the hands of Greece

55. *nerve*] Ff; *nerves* Q. 63. *Agamemnon, all the hands*] Orger; *Agamemnon and the hand* Q, Ff.

Staunton and Rolfe adopt; but with "chiding" immediately following this was less likely to be corrupted. Pope gave "Returns"; Hanmer, "Replies". For "chiding," in allusion to the brawling of the waves about a coast, compare *1 Henry IV.* III. i. 45:—

"the sea
That *chides* the banks of England, Scotland, Wales";

Othello, II. i. 12, "The *chidden* billow"; and in the sense of angrily resounding to, *Henry V.* II. i. 125:—

"that caves
Shall *chide* your trespass and return your mock
In second accents of his ordnance".

55. *nerve*] Shakespeare seems always to have used "nerve" for "sinew," "tendon" (in accordance with its derivation from Greek νεῦρον, a sinew), not for a fibre conveying sensation. On the other hand, as Bucknill points out (*Shakespeare's Medical Knowledge*, p. 236), "sinew," v. iii. 3, below, "Let grow thy *sinews* till their knots be strong," is used for "muscle," a word not found in Shakespeare in its anatomical sense. Again, from *Hamlet*, I. iv. 82, 83:—

"And makes each petty *artery* in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's *nerve*,"

the poet seems to have supposed that nerve and artery were of the same texture, their outward appearance being similar.

58. *Should* . . . *up*] should be contented to find themselves absorbed, as, for instance, petty streams in an ocean.

63-69. *As, Agamemnon, . . . speak*] Many conjectures have been proposed in order to meet the difficulties of construction here. I have followed Orger. Ulysses is addressing Agamemnon and Nestor in turns. It is therefore impossible that, in apostrophising the former, he should say: "As Agamemnon and the hand . . . brass," and almost nonsense to talk

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Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As, venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To thy experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

68. *thy*] Orger; *his* Q, Ff. Ff 2, 3; *exspect*; F 4.

70. *expect*] Pope; *expect*: F 1; *expect*;

of that chief himself holding up his own speech in brass; impossible that, in apostrophising Nestor, he should say: "As venerable Nestor . . . knit . . . To his experienced tongue," etc. By treating "Agamemnon" and "Nestor" as vocatives, reading "all the hands," in line 63, and "thy" for "his," in line 68, all will be clear as to construction and sense. Hanmer's alteration of "Though" for "Thou," which Dyce and other editors have adopted, is clearly wrong; for "Thou, great, and wise" evidently means "Thou, great Agamemnon, and Thou, wise Nestor". A minor difficulty has been found in "hatch'd in silver"; but the quotations adduced by Steevens make it quite plain that the hair of Nestor, thickly streaked with white, is likened to silver closely engraved with fine lines. Among those quotations are the following: *Love in a Maze*, 1632: "Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd with silver*"; *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "Double and treble gilt . . . *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time"; Chapman's *Iliad*, xxiii. 701; "Shall win this sword, *silver'd and hatch'd*". The whole passage may be paraphrased thus: "which were such as, Agamemnon, universal Greece should record in tablets of brass for all to read, and such again as, venerable Nestor, thou whose hairs are thickly streaked with silver, should knit all the ears of Greece to thy experienced tongue with a bond of breath that nothing could dissipate; yet, do thou, great Agamemnon, and thou, wise Nestor, be pleased to hear the words which I shall speak".

70-74. *and be't . . . oracle*] and let no one any more expect that needless matter will come from your lips than we should be confident of hearing wisdom and music when Thersites speaks. The sentence begins with an injunction, but goes on with a statement of fact. If the reading is sound, "expect" must be taken as = expectation. Dyce has no doubt that the line is corrupt. Pope gave "*we less* expect"; Capell, "*and we* less expect"; Lettsom conjectured "*we no* less expect," supposing the comparison to be inverted or ironical, with the sense "we are as sure of a bad speech from you as of a good one from Thersites," an inversion with which he compares the words of Ulysses, lines 167, 168, below: "as near as the extremities of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife". In "mastic" there is a difficulty. Many editors follow Rowe in reading "mastiff"; and "mastic" would be an easy misprint for "mastie," *i.e.* "masty," a form frequently found for "mastiff," *e.g.* Middleton, *A Trick*

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That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive

to Catch the Old One, I. iv. 15: "the stealing of a *masty* dog from a farmer's house"; and again, l. 23: "staked his *masty* against a noble". Grant White suggests that the word may be *mastix*, scourging, or that "mastic" was substituted for "mastix" to avoid the cacophony of "his mastix jaws". In his description of Thersites and his "rankness," Shakespeare seems to have followed Chapman, *Iliad*, ii. 181-183:—

"Thersites only would speak all.
A most disordered store
Of words he foolishly poured out, of which his mind had more
Than it could manage; anything with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain";

and lines 189-191:—

"He most of all envied
Ulysses and Aeacides, whom still his spleen would chide,
Nor could the sacred King himself avoid his saucy vein".

75-137. Of this speech Mr. Churton Collins, *Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 81, remarks: "In passing to Shakespeare's parallels in metaphysical speculation and generalised reflection on life, to use the term in its most comprehensive sense, we may first notice the possible influence exercised upon him by Jocasta's magnificent ῥῆσις in the *Phoenissae*, 528-585. We trace it in Ulysses' great speech in the third scene of the first act of *Troilus and Cressida*, which borrows its sentiments and even its imagery, and catching its very cadence and rhythm, might have been modelled on it." . . .

77. *instances*] causes, which he goes on to detail. The word is used by Shakespeare with a large latitude of meaning for "motive, inducement, cause, ground; symptom, prognostic; information, assurance; proof, example, indication" (Dyce, *Glossary*).

78. *specialty of rule*] the prerogative of which attaches to command.

80. Hanmer omits "Hollow" at the beginning of the line; Steevens, before "factions".

81-83. *When that . . . expected?*] when the common soldiery does not

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To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

92. *ill aspects . . . evils*] Ff; *influence of euill Planets* Q.

refer itself in everything, its objects, acts, etc., to the general, as the honey-bees do to their headquarters, there can be no hope of profitable enterprise. Delius, though preferring to take "the general" as the commander-in-chief, doubtfully suggests that the phrase may be used as in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 457, "'twas caviare to the *general*". The context, I think, shows this to be improbable.

83, 84. *Degree . . . mask*] if those in high authority are content to hide their superiority behind a veil, the meanest in the throng is on a level with them; "mask" is not here the covering of the face, but the masquerade in which the several actors have a part. In his edition of Sophocles Professor Jebb points out the parallelism between these lines and those in the *Ajax*, 669 *et seqq.*, beginning *καὶ γὰρ τὰ δεινὰ καὶ τὰ καρτερώτατα Τιμαῖς ὑπείκει*.

85. *This centre*] the earth. In the Ptolemaic system of astronomy the universe consisted of nine hollow crystalline spheres of which the earth was the centre. Warburton thinks that this passage was suggested by one in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year should blend themselves; what would become of man?"

87. *Insisture*] persistent regularity; apparently a *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον*.

89. *glorious*] brilliant, lustrous. Compare *Paradise Lost*, iii. 612:—

"so many precious things
Of colour *glorious*";

and Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, iii. 114 (quoted in the *New Eng. Dict.*):—

"Mars the planet bataillous
Next to the sonne *glorious*".

91. *other*] a plural; the sun being one of the planets affixed to a crystalline sphere.

92. *the ill . . . evil*] "aspect" was the technical term for the appearance of a planet which varied with its posi-

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And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

101. *fixure*] Q, Ff 1, 2; *fixture* Ff 3, 4. 106. *primogenity*] *primogenitie* Q, *primogenitive* Ff.

tion among the stars and was either benign or malign. So, in line 95, their "conjunction" is spoken of.

96. *mutiny*] strife, contention, as frequently in Shakespeare. Compare *King Lear*, I. ii. 116 ff., where "the sequent effects" of eclipses are described.

99. *deracinate*] tear up by the roots. Compare *Henry V.* v. ii. 47.

101. *fixure*] fixed position, stability. In a similar sense, Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, I. vi. 10, speaks of "the *fixing* of the stars, ever standing at equal distance". In *The Winter's Tale*," v. iii. 67, "The *fixure* of her eye has motion in 't" seems to mean her eyeballs though fixed as are those of a statue, rather than the "direction" as Schmidt explains; *shaked*, the commoner form of the participle in Shakespeare.

102. *Which . . . designs*] by which alone men climb to lofty results.

105. *commerce*] accented on the second syllable: *dividable*, having the function of dividing; for adjectives having both an active and a passive sense, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 3, and compare *medicinable*, III. iii. 44, below.

106. *primogenity*] It seems probable that Shakespeare would have avoided the termination *-ive* in two words so close together, and I have, therefore, followed the quarto.

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Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:

110. *meets*] Ff; *melts* Q.

111. *mere*] absolute. On "*merely* upon myself" (*Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 39) Craik (*The English Shakespeare*, § 45) has the following useful note. "*Merely* . . . means purely, only. It separates that which it designates or qualifies from everything else. But in doing so the chief or most emphatic reference may be made either to that which is included or to that which is excluded. In modern English it is always to the latter; by 'merely upon myself' we should now mean upon nothing else except myself; the *nothing else* is that which makes the *merely* prominent. In Shakespeare's day the other reference was the more common, that, namely, to what was included; and 'merely upon myself' meant upon myself altogether or without regard to anything else. *Myself* was that which the *merely* made prominent. So, when Hamlet [*Hamlet*, I. ii. 137], speaking of the world says, 'Things rank and gross in nature Possess it *merely*,' he by the *merely* brings the *possession* before the mind and characterises it as complete and absolute; but by the term now the prominence would be given to something else from which the possession might be conceived to be separable; 'possess it merely' would mean have nothing beyond simply the possession of it (have, it might be, no right to it or no enjoyment of it). . . ."

112. *Should lift*] would be certain to lift.

113. *And make a sop*] and reduce to a mere pulp; *sop*, anything steeped and softened in liquor. Compare *Richard III.* I. iv. 162: "*First Murd.* We will chop him in the malmsey butt in the next room. *Sec. Murd.* O excellent device! make a *sop* of him."

114, 115. *Strength . . . dead*] If the text is sound here, the only sense I can extract from it is that mere strength would necessarily be lord over weakness and that as a consequence the strong, rough, son would strike his feeble father dead. This seems very poor. The gist of the whole passage is that where "degree is shaked," everything is turned topsy-turvy, there is a general bouleversement in all processes. Now, in the ordinary course of things, "strength" *is* "lord of imbecility," and so nothing is upset by "degree" being "shaked". I believe, therefore, that for *lord* we should read *dar'd*, *i.e.* defied, and that the latter of the two lines has no dependence upon the former, but means that filial reverence would be a thing of the past. Apparently feeling this, Mr. P. A. Daniel conjectures *slave* or *law'd* for "lord".

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Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:

128. *with*] Q; *in* Ff.

117. *jar*] collision. For "resides" Warburton conjectures *presides*.

119, 120. *Then everything . . . appetite*] then everything resolves itself in the end into power, power in its turn resolves itself into will, and, etc.

125. *suffocate*] For the suffix *-ed*, omitted after *d* and *t*, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 342.

127-129. *And this . . . climb*] It is not, of course, the "neglection of degree" that "goes backward" step by step, but those who, in their endeavour to climb, are guilty of this neglection. So, "the first pace" (line 132) is the person who so paces. We have "neglection" in *Pericles*, III. ii. 20 (the folios and the later quartos giving *neglect*), and in *1 Henry VI.* IV. iii. 49.

134. *Of pale . . . emulation*] Johnson explains "not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish". But it is the want of vigour which prevents noble deeds from being done that is especially emphasised, the malignant fever being the cause of that want.

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And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,

137. *stands*] Q; *lines* Ff. 149. *awkward*] Ff; *sillie* Q.

138. *discover'd*] laid bare to our view.

143. *forehand*] originally an adjective used in archery of an arrow for shooting straight before one (in contrast with those fixed at an angle, as "rovers"); hence that which holds the front position; later, of anything foremost, leading, and so as a substantive, the vanguard, etc. See the *New Eng. Dict.*

144. *airy fame*] Malone compares "mouth honour," *Macbeth*, v. iii. 27, but there the want of sincerity is the point, here the insubstantiality.

145. *Grows . . . worth*] sets exceeding great store by his prowess, so that he will not exert it in our behalf on ordinary occasions; not, I think, "is over-solicitous of, takes too much care of" (Schmidt). Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 26:—

"which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that *makes dainty*,
She, I'll swear, hath corns."

147. *Upon a lazy bed*] lazily upon his bed. So, "in her naked bed," *Venus and Adonis*, 397, means the bed upon which she lay naked.

151. *pageants us*] presents us as on a stage. A pageant originally meant a movable scaffold, such as was used in the representation of the old mystery plays and in the theatrical spectacles so common in Shakespeare's day, in which events, exploits, etc., were symbolised by animals and scenery constructed of wood. For the thought compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. ii. 216-221.

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Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff

157. *o'er-wrested*] Pope; *ore-rested* Q, Ff 1, 2, 3; *o're-rested* F 4. 159. *unsquar'd*] *unsquare* Q.

152. *Thy topless deputation*] "the supreme power deputed to thee (by the other Greek chiefs)" (Rolfe) seems preferable to "thy dignity as Jove's substitute" (Schmidt). Marlowe, *Faustus*, v. iii. 171, uses "topless" of the towers of Ilium in the sense of not exceeded by any; for the figurative sense, compare Marston, ii *Antonio and Mellida*, I. i. 85, "my *topless* villany," and Heywood, *The Golden Age*, vol. iii. p. 40 (Pearson's Reprint), "their *topless* fury".

153-156. *whose conceit . . . scaffoldage*] whose only faculty for acting lies in the sinews of his legs, and who glories in the wooden echo given by the boards to the wooden, stilted gait with which he treads them: *hamstring*, one of the tendons which form the sides of the ham or space at the back of the knee. Malone thinks that *scaffoldage* refers to the galleries, the tiers of which were sometimes termed "scaffolds," but it seems simpler to take it of the framework of the stage.

157. *o'er-wrested*] strained; a metaphor from the tuning of stringed instruments by a wrest. See note on III. iii. 23, below, and compare *Othello*, II. i. 202:—

"O, you are well tuned now,
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music".

159. *a chime a-mending*] Steevens understands this literally of repairing. Does it mean more than being tuned into unison? *unsquared*, unsuitable; resembling stones not dressed to fit into their proper places. Compare Marston, *What You Will*, Introduction, 71: "Lest aught I offered were *unsquared* or warp'd".

160. *Typhon*] A giant with a hundred serpentine heads growing from his shoulders, in Epic Typhoeus, son of Tartaros and Gaia, who sought to dethrone Jupiter, and was by him imprisoned under Mt. Etna.

161. *fusty*] seems to be here used in the sense of "fustian," "high-sounding," rather than that of "mouldy," the ordinary meaning of the word, though the mouldiness may, of course, be figurative.

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The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration."
That's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries "O, enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,

165. *hem*] clear the throat and hesitate.

166. *dress'd*] prepared; ultimately, like "address," from Lat. *dirigere*, to direct, set right.

167, 168. *as near . . . wife*] *i.e.* not at all near.

171. *answer*] meet his foes in combat.

174. Many editors adopt Tyrwhitt's "palsy-fumbling".

178. *spleen*] often used of old for any sudden impulse, a fit of laughter, as here.

180. *Severals . . . exact*] "our well-ordered gifts, individual and general" (Delius); "the minutest, peculiar and general excellencies" (Schmidt). Hudson more probably, I think, takes "of grace exact" as "exact in respect of grace". Staunton's conjecture, "of grace *and act*," is plausible, but with him I doubt the necessity of any change. Singer's "*are* of grace exact" is forbidden by the construction as leaving "Achievements," etc., without any connecting link.

181. *preventions*] precautionary measures.

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Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.
Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,

184. *paradoxes*] absurdities. Compare *Othello*, II. i. 139: "These are old fond *paradoxes* to make men laugh i' the alehouse".

187. *With . . . voice*] with the title of being chief among us; though it was Achilles only who was described as "The sinew . . . our host".

188. *In such a rein*] just as loftily. Compare *King Lear*, III. i. 27:—

"Or the hard *rein* which both of them have *borne*
Against the old kind king";

Chapman, *Iliad*, xxiii. 4, uses the phrase literally:—

"Disjoin not we chariots and horse, but *bearing* hard our *rein*,
With state of both, march soft and close".

Whether the "bearing-rein" of modern days was in vogue in Shakespeare's day I do not know.

190. *broad*] arrogant.

193. *like a mint*] "as fast as a mint coins money" (Malone).

195, 196. *To weaken . . . danger*] to minimise the valour shown by us in fearlessly facing the dangers around us, abundant as they are: *rank*, adverbially.

198. *Count . . . war*] consider that wisdom has no place in war.

199. *Forestall prescience*] discount, depreciate foresight; *prescience*, accented on the second syllable.

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That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may

205. *bed-work*] work that can easily be done lying in bed: *mappery*, "bookish theory" (Schmidt).

210. *his*] *sc.* the ram.

212. *Makes*] is worth.

Stage direction. Tucket] a flourish on a trumpet.

219. *Achilles'*] Johnson conjectures "Alcides," and it is perhaps unlikely that Agamemnon, after what has just gone before, should here emphasise the valour of Achilles. As, however, that hero's fame was so great in Troy, the text may be sound.

222-224. *How may . . . mortals?*] On these words and those in IV. v. 195, 196, "But this my countenance . . . till now," Steevens remarks that

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A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,

237, 238. *swords; and, Jove's accord, Nothing*] Theobald; *swords, & Ioues accord, Nothing* Ff; *sword, & great Ioues accord Nothing* Q.

Shakespeare "probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets," and thinks that he may "have adopted this error from the wooden cuts in ancient books or from the illuminations of manuscripts" . . . while Malone suggests that in *The Destruction*, etc., the chieftains in each army are thus pourtrayed.

226. *waken reverence*] call up in myself a reverent demeanour.

234. *debonair*] a word of which Chaucer is fond; *e.g. Troilus and Criseyde*, I. xxvi. 181, "*debonaire* of chere".

235. *bending angels*] angels with heads inclined to listen prayer.

236. *galls*] fierce passions.

237, 238. *and, Jove's . . . heart*] The punctuation in the text is Theobald's, "Jove's accord" being taken as a case absolute with the sense "and, Jove being in accord with them, nothing is so full of heart as they". Somewhat similar is Chapman's expression, *Iliad*, xix. 196:—

"But now, to all our shames besides, our friends by Hector slain
(*And Jove to friend*) lie unfetched off".

If not wholly satisfactory, this interpretation seems to be better than any other offered, and we might easily insert 's before *so*. Mitford proposes "swords, *great* Jove's ac-

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Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind:
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,

243. *praise, sole pure*] Capell; *praise sole pure* Q, Ff. 251. *sense on the*] Ff; *seat on that* Q.

cord," the reading of the quarto with the omission of "and". Malone's "Jove's a god," Steevens's "Love's a lord," and Mason's "Jove's own bird," are unworthy of those critics. Grant White interprets, "and Jove's spontaneous geniality is not so hearty—as they are whether as friends or foes".

242. *But what . . . commends*] but the praise that an enemy is grudgingly compelled to allow, etc.

243. *sole pure*] alone unalloyed by unworthy motives. Staunton was hardly at his best in conjecturing "pure Sol".

249. On the double negative, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Gram.*, § 406.

251. *To set . . . bent*] to rouse him to attention; the phrase is similar in form to the modern "to set the teeth on edge".

252. *frankly as the wind*] Compare *As You Like It*, II. vii. 48, 49:—

"as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please".

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Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

262. *rusty*] Ff; *restic* Q. 266. *That seeks*] Ff; *And feeds* Q.

256. *lazy*] because of the truce mentioned below.

261. *this dull . . . truce*] In I. ii. 35, 36, we have "he [Ajax] coped Hector in the battle," and Johnson points out the inconsistency of those words with this line. Malone observes that Shakespeare sometimes follows and sometimes deserts his original authorities, and that he found mention of this truce in Lydgate.

262. *trumpet*] Here, perhaps, as in IV. v. 6, and elsewhere in Shakespeare, = trumpeter, but not, I think, in line 255.

264. *fair'st*] noblest in the fight. Watkiss Lloyd conjectures "first".

268. *confession*] altered by Hanmer to "profession". This seems to me doubly a mistake. First, because *confession* has here all the sense of "profession"; secondly, because I believe that a true confession is here meant and that "truant" in the next line is a misprint for "truest". The whole point is the sincerity of his love, a sincerity which emboldens him to champion her in battle, and the repetition of "lover" seems emphatic. Had his love been only something more than he professed in *truant* vows, it would not have been such as to make him risk his life. Line 269 is between brackets in Q, Ff, and should, I think, be so printed.

271. *arms*] with an equivoque.

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Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me

275. *compass*] Ff; *couple* Q. 292. *host*] *hoste* Q; *mould* Ff. 293. *one spark*] *no sparke* Q.

279. *honour him*] *sc.* by taking up his challenge.

281. *sunburnt*] a euphemism for "not worth looking at". Compare *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 331.

282. *The splinter of a lance*] Clarke remarks: "The wording of this challenge is in the true chivalric tone; and it affords one of the instances of the skill with which the dramatist has blended the rich hues of the romance-writers with the Doric simplicity of outline in the classic poets"; and Knight writes to much the same purpose. For the challenge, see Chapman's *Iliad*, vii. 53-76.

284. *soul . . . kind*] a spirit ready to take up the challenge.

285. *We left . . . home*] you may say that we left, etc.

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I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

300. *prove this truth*] Malone; *proue this troth* Q; *pawne this truth* Ff. 301. *forbid*] *forfend* Q; *youth*] *men* Q.

296. *Vantbrace*] "avant-bras, a vambrace; armour for the arm," Cotgrave. Compare *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 311: "The *brawns* of Hercules"; Marlowe, I *Tamburlaine*, IV. iv. 50: "I'll make thee slice the *brawns* of thy arms into carbonadoes and eat them"; Chapman, *The Gentleman Usher*, iii. 1: "A good calf, . . . I warrant you a *brawn* of a thumb here"; Massinger, *The Bondman*, iii. 3:—

"Hunger shall force thee to cut of the *brawns*
From thy arms and thighs".

299. *his youth in flood*] though he be in the full flood of youth, at high tide in vigour.

312. *Be you . . . shape*] be to my conception what time is to the embryo.

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Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,

315. *Blunt . . . knots*] rough measures must be used in stubborn cases.

315-319. *the seeded pride . . . all*] The figure is that of a plant of which, it having passed beyond flowering, the seed cup now threatens to burst and sow itself broadcast in profusion of a second crop. Compare *The Rape of Lucrece*, 603, 604:—

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before they spring!"

Marston, i *Antonio and Mellida*, IV. i. 35:—

"thou but pursu'st the world
That cuts off virtue 'fore it comes to growth,
Lest it should *seed*, and so o'errun her son";

also *Henry V.* III. v. 6-9; *blown up* seems to express the distention of the pod, and so is better than Capell's "grown up": *nursery*, in the sense in which we speak of a "*nursery* garden": *overbulk*, tower over us in its might.

323. *perspicuous . . . substance*] apparent, palpable, as substantial wealth.

324. *Whose grossness . . . up*] as a gross amount is summed up in a few small figures. Steevens quotes *Henry V.* prol. 15:—

"since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million";

and *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 6-9.

325. *in the publication*] when the terms of Hector's challenge are proclaimed, notified to the army: *make no strain*, do not hesitate to feel sure. Compare below, III. iii. 113, "I do not *strain* at this position"; *1 Henry IV.* IV. i. 75.

327. *banks of Libya*] the sand-banks of the Libyan desert, the *Libycae harenae* of Ovid.

327, 328. *though . . . enough*] an ellipsis for "though even that is hardly too much to say of him, for, as Apollo knows, his brain is as dry as it well can be". For *dry brain* compare *Hamlet*, IV. v. 154, "O heat, *dry up* my *brains*".

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'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks

333. *his honour*] Ff; *those honours* Q.

331. *wake . . . answer*] rouse himself out of his lethargy to meet Hector.

332. *most meet*] most fitting that we should take this course: *oppose*, put forward as our champion.

333. *bring . . . off*] come out of the combat without loss of honour.

334. *a sportful combat*] one not to the utterance. Compare below, IV. v. 67-70.

335. *much opinion dwells*] our reputation is largely at stake.

336, 337. *taste . . . palate*] get a taste of our very best champion's prowess, for thy appreciating it. Compare line 372 below.

338, 339. *Our imputation . . . action*] in so venturously putting forward our best champion we are exposing our reputation to no ordinary risk; for *imputation*, compare *Hamlet*, V. ii. 149: *oddly poised*, unequally balanced.

339-341. *for the success . . . general*] for the issue of the combat, though primarily affecting the champion we may choose, will to a certain extent redound to the credit or to the shame of all the host: *scantling*, pattern, sample; "the word has doubtless been confused with *scant* and *scanty*. . . . As used by Shakespeare and Cotgrave it is certainly a derivative from O.F. *eschanteler* and answers to O.F. *eschantillon*, 'a small cantle or corner-piece, also a *scantling*, sample, pattern, proof of any sort of merchandise,' Cotgrave" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). Compare Dekker, *The Whore of Babylon*, vol. ii. p. 189 (Pearson's Reprint): "of such a *scantling* are my words set down that neither the one party speaks too much, nor the other too little".

342. *indexes*] were in Shakespeare's day often prefixed to books, but the

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To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

351. *from hence receives the*] Ff; *receives from hence a* Q. 352. *themselves!*] Theobald; *themselves.* Q; *themselves*, Ff 1, 4; *themselves* Ff 2, 3. 353-355. *Which . . . limbs*] Omitted in Q.

word had the further sense of something directing the attention, as an index-finger in the margin of books, here compared to "small pricks". On *Othello*, II. i. 262, Mr. Hart notes: "The 'index' was originally a finger ('pilcrow') placed in the margin of books to direct attention to striking passages. Thence it came to mean a list or table of these placed in the front of the book. This is well illustrated by two passages in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, III. i., and IV. i.:—

'Would I had seen thee graved
with thy great sin,
Ere lived to have men's *marginal fingers* point
At Charalois, as a lamented story';

and 'Even as the *index* tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit . . . demonstratively point out (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul'."

343. *subsequent*] accented on the penultimate.

348. *makes . . . election*] looks to nothing but merit in making up its mind.

350-352. *who miscarrying . . . themselves!*] This passage is usually printed with a note of interrogation after *themselves* (Capell's punctuation). It thus becomes a question of appeal involving a negative answer, as thus: "and, if he miscarries, the victorious side (the Trojans) receive no encouragement to feel assurance of their strength"—which is nonsense. Theobald puts a note of exclamation after *themselves* and I have followed him. The sense will then be: "and, if he miscarries, the victorious side (the Trojans) will be greatly encouraged to believe that, as their champion has been victorious in the single combat (*from hence*), they will be victorious in the general struggle".

353-355. *Which entertain'd . . . limbs*] and if this belief is entertained it will energise the limbs of those who hold it, just as those limbs energise the swords and bows they wield.

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In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves

360. *yet to show*] Ff; *shall exceed* Q. 361. *Shall show the better*] Ff; *By showing the worst first* Q.

360. *the better . . . show*] the better which yet remains to be shown.

370. *salt*] bitter, pungent.

372, 373. *we did . . . man*] the result would be that our general good name would be ruined by the stain thus falling upon our chiefest hero.

375. *sort*] lot. The account of the casting of the lots will be found in Chapman's *Iliad*, vii. 153-179, but there is no mention of the "device," though the prayer of the soldiers is:—

"O Jove, so lead the herald's hand
That Ajax, our great Tydeus' son, may our wished champion stand,
Or else the king himself that rules the rich Mycenian land".

In Sophocles, *Ajax*, 1285-1287, there

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Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

is allusion to the "device" by which Cresphontes obtained Messenia, a device which Tencer indignantly says that Ajax did not adopt when the lots for the combat were cast.

376. *allowance*] praise, fitting acknowledgment; O.F. *alouer*; Lat. *allaudare*.

378. *broils . . . applause*] boastfully suns himself in the praises with which he is so loudly greeted.

381. *dress . . . voices*] deck him in praise. Compare *Measure for Measure*, I. i. 20:—

"Lent him our terror, *dress'd* him in our love";

so, *Much Ado About Nothing*, IV. i. 146: "*attir'd* in wonder"; *Twelfth Night*, IV. iii. 3:—

"And though 'tis wonder that *enwraps* me thus".

382, 383. *Yet go . . . men*] we shall still be able to say that we have, etc.

391. *tarre*] set on to fight; an old verb from A.S. *tergan*, *tyrgan*, to irritate. Compare *Hamlet*, II. ii. 370; *King John*, IV. i. 117. Holland's Glossary of Words for the County of Chester, *Eng. Dial. Society*, ed. 1886, gives the word as still in use there for to "excite to anger or violence".

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ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

5, 6. *a botchy core*] Halliwell (*Dict.*) says that *botch* is used in Northumberland for "an inflamed humour," and the *Eng. Dial. Dict.* that in Yorkshire it has the sense of "a sore breaking out in the skin," as in Deuteronomy xxviii. 27, "the botch of Egypt"; *a botchy core*, therefore, probably means much the same as an angry boil, *core* being the more or less hard mass of tissue in the centre of a boil. Compare Marston, i *Antonio and Mellida*, III. ii. 14: "draw the *core* forth of imposthum'd sin". Others connect *botchy* with "botch," a patch, in the sense, I suppose, of a ragged ulcer. In *core* here and in v. i. 2 Schmidt sees a quibble with *cor*, heart. Collier's MS. Corrector gives "sore"; Grant White, "corps," while Staunton conjectures "cur," the Q variant in v. i. 2. Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, III. iv. 266, has: "To beguile goodness is the *core* of sins," where there seems to be a quibble between "ulcer" and "heart". The Cambridge Editors are mistaken in saying that Dyce reads "sore" in his second edition; he retains *core*.

9. *matter*] of course with a pun, as above in "run".

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Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would

15. *vinewedst*] *whinid'st* Ff; *unsalted* Q.

13. *The plague of Greece*] "alluding, perhaps, to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson); perhaps: *mongrel*, "on account of his father being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan" (Malone): *beef-witted*, bovine, as we say. Compare *Twelfth Night*, I. iii. 90, 91: "but I am a great eater of *beef* and I believe that does harm to my wit".

15. *vinewedst*] most mouldy. Nares gives both "vinew'd" and "finew'd" as = *mucidus, situ sentus*, adducing the following instances of the word's use: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over-long lying," *T. Beaumont to Speght, in his Chaucer;* "A souldier's hands must oft be died with goare, Lest stark with rest, they *finew'd* waxe and hoare," *Mirror for Magistrates*. Baret's *Alvearie* and Huloet's *Dict.*, 1552, have the same explanation: *leaven*, compare *Cymbeline*, III. iv. 64, where Dowden explains the image as that of "a spreading ferment of evil".

18. *without book*] off by heart; frequent in Shakespeare.

20, 21. *a red murrain*] apparently the same as the "red plague" of *The Tempest*, I. i. 364, and the "red pestilence" of *Coriolanus*, IV. i. 13, but variously diagnosed as erysipelas, leprosy, etc.

22. *learn me*] ascertain for me the particulars of, as in line 98 below; not "communicate," "tell," as Schmidt explains.

27. *porpentine*] the form always used by Shakespeare.

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make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee, thou

31, 32. *When . . . another*] Omit Ff. 40. Ajax. *Cobloaf I*] *Ajax Cob-lofe* Q (in italics as part of Thersites' speech). 48. *Assinico*] *Asinico* Q, Ff.

31. *incursions*] encounters with the Trojans.

37. *Mistress*] a taunt at his cowardice. So, in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, 1625, the Chorus addresses Aegisthus as "Woman!" In Chapman's *Iliad*, ii. 204, Thersites rates the chiefs as "Greekish girls, not Greeks".

40. *Cobloaf I*] The *Eng. Dial. Dict.* gives "cobloaf" as (1) a crusty, uneven loaf; (2) the outside loaf of a batch. Minsheu's *Dict.*, quoted by Malone, defines the word as "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire."

41. *pun*] pound. Compare Heywood, *1 Edward IV.* vol. i. p. 19 (Pearson's Reprint): "Cavallero Spicing, the maddest slave that ever *punde* spice in a mortar"; P. Holland's *Plinie*, book xix. p. 4, ed. 1634: "they are to be beaten and *punned* in a great stone mortar".

43. *whoreson*] spelt in Q and Ff 1, 2, *horson*, which is the truer spelling, the *w* being an excrescence.

48. *assinico*] The old copies give *asinico*, modern editors, *assinego*. I have taken Dyce's suggestion in printing *assinico* as being a form nearer to the Spanish word, *asnico*, a little ass. Jonson, *The Staple of*

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scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. "Well!" why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

49. *scurvy-valiant*] Dyce (S. Walker's conjecture); *scurvy valiant* Q, Ff.

News, v. 2, though prefixing "Don" keeps *Assinego*:—

"*Shun.* With a good jeer or two.
P. Sen. And from *your jaw-bone, Don Assinego?*"

50. *bought and sold*] made sport of, treated as a mere chattel. Compare *Richard III.* v. iii. 305: "For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold*".

52. *use*] make a habit of, continue to.

53. *by inches*] inch by inch.

54. *of no bowels*] merciless; the bowels being considered as the seat of tenderness and sensibility. Compare *Henry V.* II. iv. 102, and II. ii. 11, below. Also frequently in the Bible, *e.g.* Genesis xliii. 30: "His *bowels* did yearn upon his brother"; Canticles v. 4: "My *bowels* were moved for him"; Philippians i. 8: "I long after you all in the *bowels* of Jesus Christ".

58. *Mars his idiot*] thou dolt, fit only to be used as an implement of war! *his*, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 217.

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Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to strike him.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

70. *that, fool*] Rowe; *that fool* Q, Ff.

71. *Ay, . . . himself*] Thersites pretends to understand Achilles as having said, "I know that fool".

72. *Therefore . . . thee*] The "modicum of wit" here, and it is indeed a modicum, seems to lie in making Ajax say that he forgets himself in beating one so unworthy to be touched by him.

74. *his evasions . . . long*] his shifts, quibbles, are those of an ass.

75. *bobbed*] thumped, buffeted; "a word of uncertain origin, perhaps onomatopœic, expressing the effect of a smart but not very weighty blow —to pummel, buffet. Wynkyn de Worde (1493), *Festivall*: 'Our most benynge savyour . . . was *bobbed*, buffeted and spytte upon'. Armin, *Foole upon Foole* (1605), 'The fellowe . . . got the fooles head under his arme and *bob'd* his nose'" (*New Eng. Dict.*). In III. i. 75, "You shall not *bob* us out of our melody," the word is from "the M.E. *bobben*; O.F. *bober*, to befool, mock, deceive; *Pasquil's Nightcap* (1612): 'I 'll not be *bob'd* with such a slight excuse'; Brome, *City Wit*, III. iv.: 'If you could *bob* me of with such payment'" (*id.*).

77. *pia mater*] the membrane that covers the brain, here the brain itself, as in *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 123. Phineas Fletcher, *Purple Island*, v. 11, 12, describing the skull, says:—

"Four several walls, beside the common guard,
For more defence the city round embrace,
The first, thick, soft: the second, dry and hard . . .
The other two of matter thin and light,
And yet the first much harder than the other,"

adding in his footnote, "These two are called the hard and tender mother," meaning the *dura mater* and the *pia mater*.

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Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

93. *Will you . . . fools?*] Will you enter into a contest with a fool? Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. i. 137: "Who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?" *sc.* as the cuckoo.

104. *voluntary*] adverbially.

106. *impress*] with a pun upon the impression made by Ajax's fist and impressment into military service. In the word in the latter sense the element *press* is a corruption of O.F. *prest*, ready, *prest-money* being ready money advanced, earnest money, the recruit's shilling of to-day, and to give such money was to *imprest* him. The corruption, *impress*, arose from the practice of taking men for the public service on *compulsion*, and the original sense of the word was thus lost sight of. See Wedgwood, *Dict.* Compare Dekker, *The Gentle Craft*, vol. i. p. 11 (Pearson's Reprint): "They have their *imprest* coats and furniture"; Jonson, *The Magnetic Lady*, IV. i.: "He lent you *imprest* money".

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Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What! with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I

109. *if he knock out*] Ff; *and knocke at* Q. 114. *your*] Theobald; *their* Q, Ff. 123. *brach*] Rowe; *brooch* Q, Ff.

110. *a' were . . . crack*] he would get as much by cracking, etc.

118. *to, Achilles! . . . to*] "To, to," says Staunton, "are words of encouragement which ploughmen of old employed to their draught horses and oxen." Compare Chapman, *May Day*, IV. iv.: "I shall imagine still I am driving an ox and an ass before me, and cry *phtrohho, ptrough*". So, "at him!" in setting on a dog.

123. *brach*] properly a kind of hound that hunts by the scent. Often of a bitch-hound. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Melancholy*, IV. ii.: "There is . . . a sow-pig hath suck'd a *brach*, and now hunts the deer . . . as well as any hound in Cyprus". Figuratively of courtesans, Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, IV. ii.: "Why, *braches*, will you worry me?" Mason compares V. i. 19, below: "his masculine whore". Others, retaining the old reading, *brooch*, explain, after Johnson: "an appendant ornament, and so a hanger on".

126. *clotpoles*] "clotpoll," a thick or "wooden" head; also "*clod*-poll," from "clod," a lump, mass, and "poll" = "head".

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come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O! meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else,

132. *fifth hour*] *i.e.* eleven o'clock in the forenoon.
135. *stomach*] appetite for fighting, courage.
139. *He knew his man*] he would have had no doubt as to who would be his opponent.

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As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off." Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

4, 5. *As honour . . . friends*] *i.e.* as injury to honour, loss of friends.

9. *toucheth my particular*] concerns me personally; for *particular* as a substantive in this sense, compare *Coriolanus*, IV. vii. 13; *King Lear*, II. iv. 295.

11. *bowels*] see note on II. i. 54 above.

14. *the wound . . . surety*] that which more than anything else imperils peace is our overweening sense of security. Compare *King Lear*, II. iv. 295.

16. *tent*] a roll of lint for probing wounds.

19. *Every tithe . . . dismes*] though *tithe* means "tenth" and *dismes* means "tenths," it would, I think, be a mistake to understand these words in their literal sense. The meaning seems to be not that every tenth soul *only*, but every soul *that has been taken as a tithe by war* is as dear as Helen, and of such tithes there have been many thousands. Hudson's "every ten souls" is against all usage; and Hector immediately goes on to say that Helen, even if she were truly a Trojan, would not be "worth to us the value of one ten". Nor can I believe with Rolfe that "the meaning is that not only is every tenth soul taken, but there are many thousands of these souls," for Hector does not say that every tenth soul has been taken.

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Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie! my brother,
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

29. *past proportion*] Q, Ff; *past-proportion* Johnson. 30. *waist*] *waste* Q, Ff 1, 2; *wast* Ff 3, 4.

20. *I mean, of ours*] I mean every tithe soul of our host.

29. *The past proportion . . . infinite*] that infinite greatness of his which is beyond all measure of comparison.

33. *reasons*] A poor pun on "raisins" has been suspected here, as in *Much Ado About Nothing*, v. i. 211. It seems unlikely in a passage so serious, but Shakespeare does quibble even at solemn moments.

36. *that*] referring to "your speech".

38. *You fur . . . reason*] you line your speech with reasons as gloves are lined with fur. Or perhaps *fur* may be taken for "ornament," as in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 8-11: "a *furred* gown . . . and *furred* with fox and lambskins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing". In the former sense, compare *King John*, IV. iii. 24:—

"We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours".

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You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have harehearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

56. *mad*] *madde* Q; *made* Ff.

46. *disorb'd*] thrown out of its sphere. See note on I. iii. 85 above.

48, 49. *Should have . . . reason*] would have hearts as timid as that of a hare if they battened upon such food as reason, food that fattens without strengthening.

49. *respect*] anxious consideration of consequences.

50. *livers pale*] The "liver" as the seat of passion, courage, etc., is frequent in the language of the time, and we have "lily-*livered*," "milk-*livered*" for cowards. In *2 Henry IV.* IV. iii. 110 ff., Falstaff says: "The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, *left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice*".

53. *particular will*] The value which a particular person puts upon it.

54. *dignity*] worth, nobleness; compare *Hamlet*, I. v. 48: "For me whose love was of such *dignity*".

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As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve

71. *sieve*] Johnson; *sive* Q; *same* F 1; *place* Ff 2, 3, 4.

56. *prizer*] appraiser; to "prize" is probably more frequent in Shakespeare in this sense than in that of to "value highly". So, to "appreciate" properly means to "put a price upon," to "appraise," though in modern parlance loosely used in the sense of to "value highly".

58, 59. *that is . . . affects*] that attributes excellences to whatever it is strongly and sympathetically drawn to. Schmidt gives "morbidly" for *infectiously*, which seems to me too sinister a meaning.

60. *image*] idea, conception.

64. *traded*] constantly engaged in such a voyage, professional; "trade" originally meant "path," that on which we tread; hence habitual occupation, manner of life.

66. *distaste*] here = disrelish. Compare Massinger, *The Renegado*, I. ii.:—

"We that are born great,
Seldom *distaste* our servants, though they give us
More than we can pretend to".

See note on line 123, below.

67, 68. *there can . . . honour*] there can be no standing firm by honour if evasion is used to shrink from the choice made: *evasion*, subterfuge, shuffling excuse, getting out of the way to avoid anything: *blench*, see note on I. i. 30.

71. *unrespective sieve*] sieve or "voider" into which scraps from the table, etc., are thrown and which heeds not what it thus receives. Farmer says that in several counties

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Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,

79. *stale*] Ff; *pale* Q.

of England the baskets used for carrying out dirt, etc., were in his day still called "sieves".

74. *Your breath . . . consent*] the counsel which you all agreed on; with a play on "breath" in its ordinary sense: *bellied*, compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 129:—

"And grow big-*bellied* with the wanton wind".

There is the same conceit in Chapman's continuation of *Hero and Leander*, Third Sestiad, line 327:—

"And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in
With child of sail".

76. *touch'd*] landed at. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, v. i. 139:—

"By his command
Have I here *touched* Sicilia".

The modern "touch at" implies only a short stay.

77. *an old aunt*] Hesione, Priam's sister and mother of Ajax; in "*old* aunt" there seems something of the contemptuous sense in which the phrase was formerly used of an old gossip, and even more opprobriously.

80. *Why . . . her?*] do you ask why we persist in keeping her?

82. Compare Marlowe, *Faustus*:—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

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As you must needs, for you all cried "Go, go";
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried "Inestimable!" why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O! theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep;
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

86. *noble*] Ff; *worthy* Q.

89. *The issue . . . wisdoms*] the result of what you yourselves wisely approved: *rate*, condemn.

90-92. *And do . . . land?*] and with an inconstancy such as even Fortune never showed, depreciate as worthless that which you formerly held to be above all price. Schmidt rightly, I think, takes *estimation*, as in *Cymbeline*, I. iv. 99, as the abstract for the concrete; but it has been suggested to me that the sense may be: "make worthless that valuation by which you rated her as being above all price".

93. *That*] in that, because. Hanmer reads *What . . . that*; Grant White, *That . . . that*.

95. *That*] *sc.* the rape of Helen.

96. *warrant*] justify, defend.

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Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
No fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act

104. *eld*] Ritson's correction. The Q gives *elders*; the folios, *old*, which latter Delius retains. Ritson compares *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. iv. 36, and *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 36. So, Chapman, *Iliad*, xxiii. 689: "the green-haired *eld*"; Jonson, *The Sad Shepherd*, ii.: "Who scorns at *eld*, peels off his own young hairs".

107. *moiety*] Lat. *medietas*, is used by Shakespeare in its proper signification, but frequently also, as here, for any portion, greater or less. Steevens quotes *Aeneid*, ii. 56: "Trojaque nunc staret, Priamique arx, alta maneres"; and for Hecuba's dream, when pregnant with Paris, *Aeneid*, x. 705: "et face prægnans Cisseis regina Parin creat".

116. *discourse of reason*] the reasoning faculty. Compare *Hamlet*, I. ii. 150, and also in the same sense "discourse" alone, *Hamlet*, IV. iv. 36. The phrase is in Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, I. iv. 2, and elsewhere frequently in Elizabethan literature. On *Twelfth Night*, IV. iii. 12, Singer quotes Glanville: "The act of the mind which connects propositions and deduces conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it if we name it reason".

117. *success*] Shakespeare uses the word as = issue, result, both in a neutral sense and qualified by various adjectives.

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Such and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weekest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels;
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project:
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,

122. *raptures*] prophetic ecstasies.

123. *distaste*] here give a bad taste to, make distasteful; so, again, in IV. iv. 48: "*Distasted* with the salt of broken tears". Cotgrave has the word both transitively and intransitively: "*Desapetisser:* to distast, marre the stomach; take away the appetite; to breed a dislike or loathing of meats; and *Desgouster:* to distast, loathe, dislike, abhorre; to be out of humor with, have no mind, no maw unto". Compare *Othello*, III. iii. 327:—

"Which at the first are scare found to *distaste*,"

where the verb is intransitive. In Dekker, *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, vol. i. p. 195 (Pearson's Reprint): "I can bring . . . a . . . troop of gallants who . . . shall *distaste* every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies," it is perhaps doubtful whether the word means "show their dislike to," or "expose to dislike".

124. *engag'd*] enlisted; an adjective, not a perfect tense.

125. *to make it gracious*] to show it to advantage.

130. *convince*] prove guilty of.

131. This inversion, whereby prominence is given to that which is subordinate in the mind of the speaker, is more Greek than English.

132. *attest*] call to witness.

133. *propension*] inclination; here only in Shakespeare. Compare Glapthorne, *The Lady Mother*, ii. 141:—

"I feel a strong *propension* in myself
To yield to you".

136. *propugnation*] defence; again a word not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

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To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be

137. *To stand the push*] to resist the attack, face the onset. Compare *1 Henry IV.* III. ii. 66:—

"To laugh at gibing boys and *stand the push*
Of every beardless vain comparative".

138. *would excite*] was sure to arouse.

139. *to pass*] if sound, means to "undergo," as in *Othello*, I. iii. 131, Hudson edits the conjecture of Collier's MS. Corrector, "poise," and Dyce inclines to it. Possibly "t' oppose".

141. *retract*] draw back from; not, I think, "disavow," "wish undone," as Schmidt explains. Paris's argument is this: "Your agreement fortified me against all fears as to the dangers that would surely result from my act, dangers with which no single man could cope; yet if singly I had to face such difficulties, supposing my powers were equal to my will, I should not leave undone what I have done, nor be slack in the prosecution of my design".

145. *So*] in such a way.

148. *rape*] in the original sense of snatching away, carrying off.

150. *ransack'd*] ravished. The word primarily means to search a house; from *rann*, a house, and *sak*, base of *sækja*, to search (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). In Chapman's *Iliad*, xx. 311, Achilles, after the escape of Aeneas, says:—

"All this host I'll *ransack*, and have hope
Of all; not one again will 'scape, whoever gives such scope
To his adventure, and so near dares tempt my angry lance".

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That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce

155. *footing in*] Q, F 1; *foot in* Ff 2, 3, 4.

155. *once*] for a single moment: *generous*, nobly born and, so, nobly natured; Lat. *generosus*. Compare *Measure for Measure*, IV. vi. 13:—

"The *generous* and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates".

165. *gloz'd*] commented, put your interpretation upon matters as they now stand; O.F. *gloze*, Lat. *glossa*, Gk. γλῶσσα, a word needing explanation, hence the explanation itself, often with a specious, plausible or flattering sense; *gloss*, an explanation is a variant. Compare *Henry V.* I. ii. 40:—

"Which Salique land the French unjustly *gloze*
To be the realm of France".

Theobald punctuates "glozed but superficially"; and perhaps rightly.

166. *Aristotle*] On this passage, of which the "Baconians" have made so much, Mr. Churton Collins, *Studies in Shakespeare*, pp. 360, 361, observes: "Both Bacon and Shakespeare agree in misrepresenting Aristotle's remark about young men not being fit to be instructed in Political Philosophy, both of them substituting Moral Philosophy. Now Bacon's citation occurs in the *Advancement of Learning* which was published in 1605, Shakespeare's in *Troilus and Cressida* which was published in 1609. It is abundantly clear that Shakespeare was a studious reader of contemporary literature, and why, we ask, should he not have derived the reference and the error from Bacon's treatise?" In a footnote he adds: "If error it be, for, as Mr. Sidney Lee justly observes, by 'political' philosophy Aristotle is referring to the ethics of civil society, which are hardly distinguishable from what is called 'moralls'. He shows by reference to a French translation of the pas-

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To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,

sage, published in Paris in 1553, where it is turned 'science civile,' to a note in a copy of Aristotle in the British Museum where it is translated 'morall philosophy,' and to a passage in an Italian essayist in 1622, where it is translated 'moralli,' that this was the sense in which the term was generally understood in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries" (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 370, note). Though, as Mr. Collins says, *Troilus and Cressida* was *published* in 1609, Mr. Lee supposes the passage in question to have been *written* "about 1603".

168. *do more conduce*] tend more to inflame, etc., than to, etc.

172. *adders*] The word is properly *nædre*, *nadre*, *nadder*, but in M.E. the initial *n* was lost and *a nadre* became *an adder*. Similarly *an auger* is properly *a nauger*; and conversely *a newt* should be *an ewt*, *a nickname*, *an ekename*. For the belief in the deafness of the adder, compare Psalms lviii. 3: "they are like the *deaf adder* that stoppeth her ear". Cp. also Wyclif, *Sermon* lxiv, *s.f.*, "But Crist biddith hise disciplis be prudent as eddris. An eddre hath this witt; whanne charmeris come to take him, the toon of his erris he clappith to the erthe, and with the ende of his tail he stoppith the tother."

177. *affection*] inclination, appetite, propensity, are all senses in which Shakespeare uses the word, and it is perhaps doubtful which exactly it has here.

178. *of partial indulgence*] out of too easy compliance: *benumbed*, dead to all higher principle; not, I think, "inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction," as Johnson says.

179. *the same*] *sc.* law of nature.

180. *a law*] "what the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations" (Johnson).

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As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nation speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonise us;

203. *lose*] *loose* Q, F 1.

187. *extenuates*] here "mitigates," rather than "palliates". Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. i. 120. Shakespeare uses the word in both senses and also as = undervalue. In Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, I. ii. 3, and *Letter of Advice to Essex*, the sense is to "depreciate," and in his *Colours of Good and Evil*, 7, to "weaken". Chapman, *Iliad*, xvi. 675, has the word in the sense of "break the force of," "serve as a defence against":—

"full on with his huge stone he ran,
Discharged, and drave it 'twixt the brows of bold Cebriones.
Nor could the thick bone there prepared *extenuate* so th' access,
But out it drave his broken eyes."

189. *in way of truth*] looking at the matter as an abstract question of right.

190, 191. *I propend . . . resolution*] my inclination accords with yours in resolving, etc.

196. *heaving spleens*] fiercely revengeful feelings.

201. *Whose present courage*] the valour shown by which deeds may in the present, etc.

202. *canonise*] put us in the canon or roll of heroes; accented on the penultimate, as always in Shakespeare.

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For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great general slept
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury. Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were

204. *So rich . . . glory*] the rich promise of fame to be won.

208. *roisting*] roistering, vaunting. Skeat (*Ety. Dict.*) quotes Cotgrave: "*rustre*, a ruffin, *royster*, hackster, swaggering sawcy fellow," and says the verb to *roist* is in P. Levin's *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, 1570. It occurs also in Gabriel Harvey's *Supererogation*, 1593, "his raving Poetry, his *roisting* Rhetorique, and his chopping logique".

211. *advertis'd*] inform'd; accented on the second syllable.

212. *emulation*] factious rivalry, jealousy. Compare the *Advancement of Learning*, I. vi. 14: "The *emulation* and jealousy of Gregory the first of that name".

Scene III.

3. *carry it*] carry off the honours, bear the palm; an expression frequent in Shakespeare, *e.g. The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. ii. 70: "he will *carry it*, he will *carry it*; 'tis in his buttons; he will *carry it*"; *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i. 77: "Alla stoccata *carries it* away".

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otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O! thou great thunder-darter of Olympus; forget that thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little less than little wit from them that they have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache? for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and,

22. *Neapolitan*] Q, omitted in Ff.

7. *but I'll see*] rather than not see it.

9. *enginer*] or *ingener*, the form always found in Shakespeare, except in some of the later folios.

12. *forget, lose*] may you forget, lose.

16. *short-armed*] not reaching far. Dyce conjectures "short-*aimed*," and compares *Coriolanus*, I. ii. 22:—

"By the discovery
We shall be *shortened in our aim*".

22. *Neapolitan*] the disease being supposed to have originated in Naples. So, Glapthorne, *The Hollander*, II. i.: "if I should obtain the *Neapolitan boucache*".

24. *placket*] "has been very variously explained — a petticoat, an under-petticoat, a pocket attached to a petticoat, the slit or opening in a petticoat, and a stomacher; and it certainly was occasionally used to signify a female, as a petticoat is now . . ." (Dyce, *Glossary*). Compare *King Lear*, III. iv. 100. The word was sometimes written "plackerd," as in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, p. 154/2 (ed. Dyce): "on a sudden she'll swap thee into her *plackerd*".

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devil Envy, say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my

37. *corse*] Capell; *course* Q; *coarse* Ff.

29-31. *If I could . . . contemplation*] "Slips" were pieces of counterfeit money, brass covered over with silver. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 49-51: "*Rom.* What *counterfeit* did I give you? *Mer.* The *slip*, sir, the *slip*."

31, 32. *thyself upon thyself!*] *i.e.* I can invoke no worse curse than this.

34. *bless thee from*] providentially save you from. Compare *King Lear*, III. iv. 60: "*Bless* thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!"

35. *blood*] violent passions. Compare *King Lear*, IV. ii. 64: "to let these hands obey my *blood*".

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cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this, come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

61-66. *You rascal . . . fool*] Ff; omitted in Q.

46. *my digestion*] cheese being supposed to help that process. Compare Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, II. iii. 323: "it comes like *cheese* after a great feast to *digest* the rest"; Jonson, *Epigrams*, ci. 27: "*Digestive cheese*, and fruit there sure will be".

57. *decline*] go through; a grammatical term, as, just below, *derive* and *positive*.

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Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a whore and a cuckold; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

78, 79. *a cuckold and a whore*] Ff; *a whore, and a cuckold* Q.

73. *to the Creator*] the reading of the folios. The Q gives "of the prover," which can only mean him who is able to prove that you are a fool by making trial of you. Delius says the latter was an alteration made in consequence of the prohibition of profane expressions on the stage, and one which hardly comes from Shakespeare.

77. *patchery*] "botching intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy" (Schmidt); or perhaps "knavish contrivance". Compare *Timon of Athens*, v. i. 99: "Know his gross *patchery*".

81. *serpigo*] In Gerharde's *Herball*, 1597, p. 69, the serpigo or impetigo is defined as "certain chaps, chinkes, or riftes in the palmes of the handes or feete (a disease of great affinitie with the pockes)". Bucknill, *The Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare*, p. 230, says: "Serpigo seems to have been widely used by old medical authors as a creeping skin disease. . . . The disease to which it was most frequently applied was the vesicular disease now called Herpes circinatus, which certainly could not be called dry; it was also applied to creeping forms of impetigo and psoriasis; and to the latter of these especially, a dry scaly eruption, the term in the text would be perfectly appropriate." Compare Marston, *The Fawn*, IV. i. 434: "From Don Zuccone, that *dry scaliness*,—that *sarpego*,—that *barren drouth*, and shame of all humanity"; Heywood, *Love's Mistress*, vol. vi. p. 50 (Pearson's Reprint):

> "he all his body stung
> With the French fly, with the *sarpego dried*".

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He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us a cause. A word, my lord.
[*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our

86. *shent*] scolded, reviled; Theobald's correction of the folio reading, *sent*. The quarto gives *sate*, which Dyce supposes to be a misprint for *rate*, *i.e.* rated. Compare *Coriolanus*, v. ii. 104; *Twelfth Night*, iv. ii. 112. In these and other passages Shakespeare uses the word as a participle, not as a past tense.

86, 87. *we lay by . . . him*] we waive what is our due by coming to see him instead of summoning him before us.

89. *dare not . . . place*] dare not assert the authority that belongs to us, or, perhaps, dare not raise the question of our authority by asserting it.

93. *lion-sick*] *i.e.* "sick of proud heart". Compare Massinger, *The Bondman*, iii. iii., "*lion* drunk".

94. *if you will favour*] if you are disposed to make the best of his behaviour.

102. *his argument*] that which forms the subject of his anger.

105. *fraction*] rupture.

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wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him?

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,

107. *composure*] Q; *counsell that* Ff. 113. *flexure*] Q; *flight* Ff.

106, 107. *but . . . disunite*] ironical: *composure*, union, alliance.

111-113. *The elephant . . . flexure*] Sir Thomas Browne's first chapter of the third book of his *Pseudodoxia* is on the thesis "That an elephant hath no joints," a belief which his commentators call an "old and grey-headed error," it being, in fact, derived from Ctesias, the first Greek who saw and described an elephant, and long ago controverted by Aristotle. Steevens compares *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed*, etc., bl. l., "the *olefawnte* that *boweth not the kneys*"; Rowley's *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633, "Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending in her*". So, Middleton, *The Old Law*, v. i. 651, "The *elephants have found their joints*"; Chapman, *All Fools*, v. 1, "I hope you are no *elephant, you have joints*"; but the belief was, in fact, of frequent mention. Chapman, *Iliad*, xxiii. 109, uses *flexure* for "turning" in a race:—

"Eumelus made most pace
With his fleet mares, and he began the *flexure* as we thought".

116. *this noble state*] *sc.* the retinue of the accompanying chiefs.

119. *breath*] breathing, exercise. Compare *Hamlet*, v. ii. 181, "it is the *breathing* time of day with me".

121. *evasion*] attempt to put us off with jests.

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Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in any unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on.
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action

137. *pettish lunes*] Hanmer; *pettish lines* Ff; *course and time* Q. 138. *carriage of this action*] Ff; *streame of his commencement* Q.

122. *apprehensions*] understandings.

125. *Not virtuously . . . beheld*] not regarded by himself as the virtues themselves would prescribe, but arrogantly borne. Mason conjectures "upheld" for *beheld*.

127. *unwholesome*] foul.

131. *under-honest*] lacking in straightforward courtesy.

132. *note*] distinctive mark. Schmidt, however, renders "than true judges know him to be"; and to the same effect Delius.

133. *tend . . . strangeness*] wait upon the ill-bred aloofness.

134-136. *Disguise . . . predominance*] veil that authority which in all righteousness they might well assert, and deferentially acquiesce in, subscribe their assent to, the superiority which he so capriciously arrogates to himself.

137. *lunes*] Hanmer's correction, mad freaks. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, II. ii. 30: "These dangerous unsafe *lunes* i' the king". Knight retains the reading of the folios, *lines*; but the words "his ebbs, his flows," and "his tide," seem to point to the belief that lunacy is due to the moon.

138. *whole . . . action*] The quarto reading, "the stream of his commencement," was probably revised

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Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:
"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war;"
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant: tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own

in order to get rid of such a figure as a *stream* riding upon a *tide*, and perhaps also because of "the *stream* of his dispose," line 173.

144. *allowance*] approving acknowledgment, approbation, as in I. iii. 376.

146. *presently*] at once, on the present moment.

147. *In second voice*] by an intermediary.

154. *subscribe*] endorse.

160. *grow*] is born and nurtured.

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trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request
Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?

185. *down himself*] Q; *'gainst itself* Ff.

175. *self-admission*] conviction that what he does must be right.

181. *That . . . self-breath*] that is at variance with itself for giving vent to the very words he utters.

184, 185. *Kingdom'd . . . himself*] Malone compares *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 66 ff.:—

"The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection".

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He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry "No recovery".

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon! let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder "Achilles, go to him".

200. *stale*] Rowe; *staule* Q, Ff 1, 2; *staul* Ff 3, 4. 202. *titled*] Ff; *liked* Q.

186. *death-tokens*] an allusion to the "tokens" of the plague. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. 423; *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. x. 9.

194. *seam*] fat, lard; "O.F. *sain*, grease; mid. Lat. *saginum*, stuffing" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). Compare "ensea med," *Hamlet*, III. iv. 92.

200. *stale his palm*] sully the glory he has nobly won. Compare *Othello*, I. iii. 227: "slubber the gloss of your new fortunes".

205, 206. *add . . . Hyperion*] "add heat to the summer; Cancer being the zodiacal sign the sun enters at the summer solstice" (Rolfe).

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Nest. [*Aside.*] O! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no! you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside.*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*Aside.*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

222. *let*] Ff; *tell* Q: *humours*] Ff; *humorous* Q.

213. *pash*] batter. Compare Jonson, *Sejanus*, v. x:—

"when you do fall,
You *pash* yourselves to pieces, ne'er to rise";

Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, II. ii.: "To *pash* your gods in pieces". But the word was common enough.

215. *pheeze*] also "fese," probably means "plague," whether by beating or otherwise. Cole, in his Latin Dictionary (1679), quoted by Malone, renders the word by *flagellare*, *virgis caedere*. It is a favourite word with the dramatists who use it in a variety of contemptuous senses.

217. *Not . . . quarrel*] not for the value of all we are fighting about.

218. *paltry*] "stands for *palter-y*, formed from an old pl. *palter*, rags, raggish, hence vile, worthless" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

226. *eat swords*] Grey ingeniously conjectures "eat 's words," *i.e.* his words. For *bear it so*, compare above, line 3, "carry it thus".

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Nest. [*Aside.*] An 'twould, you'd carry half.
Ulyss. [*Aside.*] A' would have ten shares.
Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.
Nest. [*Aside.*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. [*To Agamemnon.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

231. *through warm*] thoroughly warm: *force*, *i.e.* "farce," stuff. Compare v. i. 64.
240. *emulous*] here "envious," but, like "emulation," used by Shakespeare in a good sense also.
242. *palter*] shuffle, shift, dodge; said to be connected with "paltry". See note on line 218, above.
246. *Or strange, or self-affected*] or haughtily held himself aloof, or cared for nobody but himself.
248. *she*] for "her". Compare *Othello*, IV. ii. 3: "you have seen

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Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;

250. *beyond, beyond all*] Ff; *beyond all thy* Q.

Cassio and *she* together". "She," says Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 211, "was more often used for 'woman' than *he* for 'man'. Hence, perhaps, *she* seemed more like an uninflected noun than *he*, and we may thus extenuate the remarkable anomaly 'Praise *him* that got thee, *she* that gave thee suck' (*Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 252)".

249. *thy parts of nature*] thy natural endowments.

250. *beyond . . . erudition*] I have followed Steevens and Dyce in omitting the second *beyond* of the folios.

256. *bourn*] here "limit"; also "brook," as being a limit, *King Lear*, III. vi. 27: *pale*, paling, that which keeps in.

258. *antiquary times*] times rich in stored-up lore.

267. *all his state of war*] the whole council of chiefs.

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Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

269. *main*] full might.

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ACT III

SCENE I.—*Troy.* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a Servant.*

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: do not you
follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him? I mean.
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.
Serv. The Lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord
Pandarus.
Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are
my titles. [*Music within.*
What music is this?

6. *noble*] Ff; *notable* Q.

12. *I hope . . . better*] "The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in a state of *grace* . . ." (Malone). Pandarus deprecates the word *grace* as a title above him.

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Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv. Sodden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

34. *love's invisible soul*] may mean "the soul of love invisible everywhere else" (Johnson), or "the ethereal spirit of love as impersonated by her" (Clarke). Hanmer and Capell give "visible"; Daniel conjectures *invisible love's* or *love's indivisible*.

43. *stewed phrase*] probably with a quibble on the word *stews*, a brothel, and in *sodden* an allusion to the "tub-fast," *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 87, the

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Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.

usual treatment of the lues venerea. See also *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 60; *Henry V.* II. i. 79.

51. *broken music*] "means what we now term 'a string band'. . . . 'The term originated probably from harps, lutes, and such other stringed instruments as were played without a bow, not having the capability to sustain a long note to its full duration of time,' Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, etc., vol. i. p. 246, sec. ed." (Dyce, *Glossary*). Compare the pun on the phrase in *As You Like It*, I. ii. 150.

59. *in fits*] Steevens supposes a quibble upon "by fits," *i.e.* now and then, and "fits," parts or divisions of a song. This seems very unsatisfactory. Nares conjectures "it fits". Possibly "i' fecks"; we have in this scene many such exclamations, "i' faith," "la," "in good troth". Compare *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 120.

62. *hedge us out*] shut us out, debar us.

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But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will

68. *honey-sweet lord*] Compare *Henry V.* II. iii. 1.

71. *bob*] See note on II. i. 75, above.

88, 89. *My cousin . . . you*] What have these words to do here? Paris's last question was: "Where sups he [*sc.* Troilus] to-night?" Before Pandarus can answer, Helen breaks in with: "Nay, but, my lord——" upon which Pandarus somewhat impatiently turns to her with: "What says my sweet queen?" He then goes on to warn Paris that if Priam should ask for Troilus at supper he (Paris) is not supposed to know anything of his brother's doings. *Nothing has as yet been said of Cressida*, and the words "My cousin will fall out with you" are altogether irrelevant. For this reason, as I suppose, Capell

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fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

91. *I 'll lay my life*] Q; omitted in Ff.

transferred them to follow "twain" (line 106). There, if printed with a break after "with you," *i.e.* as the beginning of a caution addressed to Paris and interrupted by Helen, they will not only have relevance, *but will lead up to Helen's joke* about "Falling in" and "*falling out*".

91. *my disposer*] "*i.e.* she who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk" (Dyce), who refers to many instances of the verb so used quoted in his note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 249. Of the alterations here made or proposed, "my *dispouser*," "my *deposer*" and "my *dispraiser*," Dyce may well say that it is doubtful which is the most foolish.

105, 106. *are twain*] are at variance.

107, 108. *Falling . . . three*] Taking up Pandarus's equivoque, Helen says if falling out has made them two, then falling in may make them three. Compare Marston, *The Dutch Courtesan*, IV. i. 93 (Tysefew kissing):—

"Then thus and thus, so Hymen should begin;
Sometimes *a falling out proves falling in*".

Tollet's coarse interpretation is impossible.

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Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this.
I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O! love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry O! O! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that

112. *a fine forehead*] Was the brow supposed to indicate musical talents?

113. *Ay . . . you may*] go on, go on, you are privileged to have your joke.

124. *sore*] Probably here, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 59, there is a play on the word as meaning a buck of the fourth year.

127. *Doth turn . . . he*] *i.e.* groans to laughter.

133-136. *He eats . . . love*] Compare Dekker, *The Honest Whore*, vol.

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breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

141. *Deiphobus*] *Deiphœbus* F 1; *Antenor*] Pope (ed. 2); *Anthenor* Q, Ff.

ii. p. 182 (Pearson's Reprint): "Have ye *eaten pigeons* that y'are *so kind-hearted* to your mate?"

144. *How chance . . .?*] Probably a blending of "how chances it . . .?" and "what chance was it . . .?" Compare "What need . . .?" *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1. i. 318.

149, 150. *your brother's excuse*] the excuse to be made about your brother.

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To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* PANDARUS'S *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS'S *Boy, meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O! here he comes. How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

157. *help unarm*] The only instance in which Shakespeare omits "to" before the infinitive with *help*.

159. *obey . . . to*] Compare *The Phœnix and Turtle*, 4:—

"Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings *obey*".

Rolfe adds the *Faerie Queene*, III, xi. 34: "Lo, now the heavens *obey to* me".

161. *island kings*] See Prologue 2.

164. *more palm*] a greater pre-eminence. Compare Jonson, *The Poetaster*, v. 1: "this carries *palm* with it"; Massinger, *The Duke of Milan*, iii. 2: "constancy . . . bears such *palm*",

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Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy, expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness

23. *Too subtle-potent*] Theobald; *To subtill, potent* Q; *Too subtile, potent* Ff.; *tun'd too*] *tund to* Q; *and too* Ff.

12. *Where I . . . lily-beds*] Here Mr. Craig kindly sends me an excellent illustration from Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xii. 445-452:—

"Of all the half-brutes in the woodes there did not any dwell
More comly than Hylonome. . . .
With combing smoothe she made her haire; she *wallow'd* her full oft
In Roses or in Rosemarye, or Violets sweet and soft,
Sumtymes she carryed Lillyes wyght," etc.

13. *Propos'd*] promised as a reward.

16. *orchard*] garden; as always in Shakespeare. Properly a yard for vegetables, orts, worts.

18, 19. *The imaginary . . . sense*] Delius compares *Romeo and Juliet*, v. i. 10, 11:—

"Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!"

20. *watery*] watering, longing. The old copies give "palates taste," which the Cambridge Edd. retain. The correction in the text is Hanmer's.

21. *repured*] the reading of the quarto. Delius seems to be alone among modern editors in following the Ff, "reputed".

22. *Sounding destruction*] utter loss of senses in fits of fainting. The following forms are found in Shakespeare: *sound, swound, swoun, swown, swoon*. Orger conjectures "distraction," which may be indicated by the reading of the quarto and F 1, "distruction".

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For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverish pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.

24. *ruder*] not sufficiently refined.

26-28. *lose . . . flying*] be unable to distinguish (and so rightly to value) the variety of my joys, as on the battle-field a pell-mell charge upon a flying foe makes it impossible to distinguish the rival combatants.

30. *be witty*] "have your wits about you" (Clarke).

32. *frayed*] frightened, an aphetic form of "affray". Compare Chapman, *Iliad*, xx. 62:—

"th' Infernal King that all things *frays*, was *frayed*".

33. *villain*] used as a term of endearment, as in *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 16. Compare "And my poor fool is hang'd," said by Lear of Cordelia, *King Lear*, v. iii. 305.

36. *thicker*] faster. Compare *Cymbeline*, III. ii. 58: "say, and speak *thick*".

37. *bestowing*] proper use, behaviour.

40. *what need . . .?*] See note on III. i. 144, above.

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What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day! how loath you are to offend daylight; an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

44. *watched*] an allusion to the taming of hawks, though in that process the word means "kept awake". Compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 208.

45. *ways*] the old genitive used adverbially, like "needs," "twice" (twies).

46. *fills*] or "thills," shafts. Compare "*fill*-horse," *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii. 100; "fill-shaft" is still in use provincially.

48. *draw this curtain*] remove your veil. Compare *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 251. It was a common practice to put curtains before pictures.

51. *rub . . . mistress*] At bowls the jack or object-ball was called the "master" and sometimes the "mistress," and to "rub" was used of meeting obstacles in the way. Compare Webster, *The White Devil*, I. 2:—

> "his cheek
> *Hath a most excellent bias; it* would fain
> Jump with my *mistress*";

Middleton, *The Black Book*, vol. viii. p. 41 (ed. Bullen): "the landing of your bowl, and the safe arriving at the haven of the *mistress*, if it chance to pass all the dangerous rocks and *rubs* of the alley".

52. *in fee-farm*] in perpetuity; "a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, with a certain rent reserved" (Malone). Compare *Hamlet*, IV. ii. 22.

52-53. *build . . . sweet*] Compare *Macbeth*, I. vi. 1 ff.

54-56. *The falcon . . . river*] I will back the falcon against the tercel for bringing down any amount of game. According to Cotgrave and Randle Holme, quoted in Dyce's *Glossary*, the tercel was the male goshawk, said to be so named from being one-third in weight of the falcon, the female bird. Dekker, *Match me in London*, vol. iv. p. 183 (Pearson's Reprint), has "Your *tassel-gentle* [the form used in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 160] *she's* lured off and gone". Here, of course, of Cressida and Troilus.

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Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's "In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus.

Cres. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow

72. *fears*] F 3; *teares* Q, Ff 1, 2; *tears* F 4.

61, 62. *In witness . . . interchangeably*] A legal formula completed by the words "have set their hands and seals".

69. *curious*] embarrassing, causing anxiety.

78, 79. *in all . . . monster*] "From this passage . . . a Fear appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maid's Tragedy*: 'and then a *Fear*: Do that *Fear* bravely, wench'" (Steevens).

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to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

85. *monstruosity*] F 3 gives *monstrositie*, F 4 *monstrosity*; but the form in the text is one undoubtedly used of old.

98. *allow*] See note on I. iii. 376, above.

102. *addition*] See note on I. ii. 20, above.

104, 105. *as what . . . truth*] that the worst gibe that malice can offer will be a sneer at his constancy.

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Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much

123-125. *Boldness . . . mouths*] As verse first by Rowe.

119, 120. *long . . . wooed*] We should rather have expected "long in the wooing".

120-122. *they are burs . . . thrown*] Compare Marston, *What You Will*, III. iii. 79: "never regardeth thee but as an idle *burr* that stickest upon the nap of his fortune". In Heywood, *The Iron Age*, pt. i. vol. iii. p. 285 (Pearson's Reprint), Hector says of Andromache and Astyanax:—

"Help to take off these *burrs*; they trouble me".

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But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd: O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning.—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

142. *Cunning*] Pope; *Comming* Q, Ff 1, 2, 3; *Coming* F 4. 143. *My very soul of counsel*] Q; *My soul of counsell from me* Ff.

142, 143. *from my . . . counsel!*] take advantage of my weakness to extract the inmost secrets of my bosomed thoughts. Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. i. 216:—

"Emptying our bosoms of our counsels sweet".

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Cres. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a woman,
As if it can I will presume 't in you,
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

172. *aye*] *age* Q.

166. *roundly*] straightforwardly. On the words "clear and *round* dealing" (Bacon, *Essay*, i. 63) Abbott remarks: "*Round* was naturally used of that which was symmetrical and *complete* (as a circle is); then of anything *thorough*. Hence (paradoxically enough) 'I went *round* to work,' *Hamlet*, II. ii. 139, means 'I went straight to the point'."

167-169. *but you are . . . might*] The meaning of this passage has been much disputed, and many alterations have been proposed. Logically stated, the alternative would be "you are wise or else you love". If the text is sound, *Or else* can only be taken as = "Or in other words," unless, as Malone thinks, Shakespeare has here, as elsewhere, entangled himself in an inextricable difficulty. For the sentiment, that commentator quotes Marston, *The Dutch Courtezan*, II. ii. 104: "The gods themselves cannot be wise and love"; but, as has been pointed out by various critics, this is but an adaptation of the well-known line of Publius Syrus, "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur," frequently quoted or imitated by Elizabethan writers.

170-175. See note on III. iii. 95, below.

171. *I will presume 't*] At Mr. Craig's suggestion I have inserted *'t*.

173. *To keep . . . youth*] to preserve in all its freshness the constancy she has plighted. Here, again, there is a slight confusion of ideas, the preposition *in* being used by a kind of zeugma in two different senses; her constancy in that which she has

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Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays:
Or that persuasion could but this convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight!
When right with right wars who shall be most right.
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want smiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

plighted (the matter) in all its freshness (the condition). So in *Othello*, I. i. 76, 77: "As when by night and negligence, the fire Is spied in populous cities," *i.e.* As when the fire which has broken out by night owing to negligence, etc.

174. *outward*] substantive; so "inward," *Sonnet* cxxviii. 6; *Cymbeline*, III. iv. 6.

178. *affronted*] confronted, met.

182. *the infancy of truth*] For this quasi-personification compare *Timon of Athens*, I. ii. 115, 116:—

"Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up".

186. *their truths*] each his truth; not that different kinds of truth are meant.

189. *plantage*] herbs and shrubs in general. Pliny, *Natural History* (Holland's translation), i. 99, notices the supposed influence of the moon upon vegetation: "the leaves of trees and the grasse for fodder . . . do feel the influence of her, which evermore the same pierceth and enters effectually into all thing". Johnson thinks our "plantain," Lat. *plantago*, is meant.

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As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse
And sanctify their numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops hath worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said "as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,"
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid".

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false

210. *witness. Here*] Rowe; *witnes here* Q; *witnesse here* F 1; *witnesse, here* Ff 2, 3, 4.

191. *adamant*] the loadstone. Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. i. 195.

193. *As truth's . . . cited*] as though to cite the acknowledged and indisputable exemplar of truth.

200, 201. *And mighty . . . nothing*] and mighty states, leaving behind no mark to tell of their former greatness, are reduced to ashes and oblivion.

202. *From false . . . love*] from one false one to another false one among maids in love who are false.

207. *stick*] stab. Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 108.

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one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

222. *chamber with a bed; which bed*] Hanmer; *chamber which bed* Q, Ff.

216. *inconstant*] I follow Dyce in accepting Hanmer's correction of the old copies, "constant". The words "if ever you prove false *one to another*," is surely proof that Pandarus contemplated the *possibility* of both proving false; and the fact that Troilus remained constant, and was thereafter famed for his constancy, in no wise affects the conception that he *might* prove otherwise and *might* become notorious for his inconstancy.

222, 223. *because . . . speak*] to prevent it from speaking.

223. *encounters*] Compare "encounterers," IV. v. 58, below.

224. *Press it to death*] an allusion to the punishment of pressing to death. Compare *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. i. 76.

Scene III.

2. *aloud*] openly and forcibly.

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To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That through the sight I bear in things of lore,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, often have you thanks therefore,
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor
I know is such a wrest in their affairs

4. *of lore*] Ed; *to love* Q, Ff 1, 2, 3; *to come* F 4.

4. *of lore*] See Appendix ii.

8. *sequestering from me*] putting apart from me.

10. *tame*] wonted; much the same as "familiar".

16. *live . . . behalf*] are no mere dead things, but full of life and ready to greet me.

21. *in . . . exchange*] offering in her redemption captives whom Troy held in high account.

23. *wrest*] See note on I. iii. 157, above; a tuning key; "figuratively, that upon which the harmonious ordering of their affairs depends" (Clarke). Compare Skelton, *Treatise between Truth and Information*: "A harper with his *wrest* may tune his harpe wrong"; Wyclif's *Eng. Works* (ed. Mathew), pp. 339, 340, *Of Confession*, "an harpe hath three partis of hym; the ouermost in which ben

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That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in this challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me

stringis *wrastid*, the secounde is the holow part of the harpe; the thridde knytteth thise two to gidre".

30. *In most . . . pain*] in hardships to which I have most cheerfully submitted. That this is the meaning, I think, is clearly shown by the extract from *Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. xviii. 84-91, given in my Appendix, particularly by the line "But al that los ne doth me no disease". Dyce, reading after Hanmer, "pay," says: "the original compositor probably mistook *paie* for 'paine,' and 'pay' is supported by the preceding words of the sentence 'buy my daughter'".

33. *Furnish . . . interchange*] equip yourself with those things which are necessary for an embassage such as this.

34. *will*] is willing, ready, to, etc.

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Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What! comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

43. *bent on him*] Theobald; *bent? why turn'd on him* Q; *bent? why turn'd on him?* Ff. 44. *derision*] Q, Ff 1, 2; *decision* Ff 3, 4.

44. *derision*] here probably means pretended seriousness of remonstrance, for nothing is less like derision in its ordinary sense than the line which Ulysses takes in his talk with Achilles. The language there employed is seriously argumentative and skilfully persuasive, without a trace of irony, sarcasm or veiled mockery; and in Chapman's *Iliad*, ix. 304, the rendering of Homer is "Thy *serious* speech". For *medicinable*, see note on I. iii. 91, above.

45. *To use . . . pride*] which shall prove something intermediate to your neglect and that pride of his certain to be sorely ruffled thereby.

48. *To show itself*] to mirror its real semblance.

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Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What! am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

81. *but honour for*] Q; *but honour'd for* F 1; *but honor'd by* Ff 2, 3, 4.

72. *To send . . . them*] as though harbingers preparing their way.
73. *as they us'd*] as though they were creeping after their wont to, etc.
79. *mealy*] powdered as with meal. Compare Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, II. iii. 203: "The *mealy* moth consume it!" In dialect the moth is called the "miller" and the "dusty miller". For the thought, compare *Timon of Athens*, II. ii. 172, 173:—
"one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd".

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Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

86. *Doth . . . another*] do each one pluck down the other.

89. *At ample point*] in fullest measure.

95. *A strange fellow*] On this passage Mr. Collins (*Studies in Shakespeare*, pp. 33, 34) observes: "Now of all the myriad commentators on Shakespeare, no one, so far as I know, has pointed out that the 'strange fellow' is Plato, and that the reference is to a passage in the *First Alcibiades*. I give a literal version of the most material portions of the passage: '*Socrates*. You have observed, then, that the face of him who looks into the eye of another appears visible to himself in the eyesight of the person opposite to him. . . . An eye, therefore, beholding an eye and looking into that in the eye which is most perfect, and which is the instrument of vision, would thus see itself. . . . Then, if the eye is to see itself, it must look at the eye and at that part of the eye in which the virtue of the eye resides, and which is like herself. . . . Nor should we know that we were the persons to whom anything belonged, if we did not know ourselves.' So, too, the lines which follow: 'No man . . . others' are derived from an earlier paragraph in the dialogue, 'When a person is able to impart his knowledge to another, that surely proves his own understanding of any matter'. And, curiously enough, there seems to be another reminiscence of his dialogue in the play (Act III. sc. ii. [170-175]): 'O that . . . decays'. *Cf.* '*Socrates*. He who loves your soul is the true lover. *Alcibiades*. That is the necessary inference. *Socrates*. The lover of the lady goes away when the flower of youth fades. . . . But he who loves the soul goes not away' (p. 131)." Mr. Collins then points out that Plato was accessible in Shakespeare's time through Latin versions only. Mr. Craig sends me the following parallelism from the Epistle dedicatorie to Nash's *Unfortunate Traveller, The Life of Jack Wilton*, 1594, "By divers of my good friends have I been dealt with to employ my dull pen in this kinde, it being a cleane

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Writes me: That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

105, 106. *To . . . itself*] Q; omitted in Ff.

different vaine from other my former courses of writing, How wel or ill I have done it I am ignorant (*the eye that sees round about itself sees not into itselfe*)". Mr. Craig adds that the term "a strange fellow" well applies to Nash. The same idea is found in *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 67-70.

96. *how . . . parted*] howsoever richly endowed. Steevens quotes Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, III. iii.: "Though ne'er so richly *parted*, you shall have," etc.

97. *having*] possession, acquisition; more often of something material.

99. *owes*] owns: *but by reflection*, compare *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 52, 53:—

"For the eye sees not itself
But *by reflection*, by some other things".

104. *but commends*] For the ellipsis of *it*, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 204.

106. *That . . . sense*] that most spiritual organ of sense.

109. *speculation*] the power of vision. Compare *Macbeth*, III. iv. 95.

110. *married*] Most editors read "mirror'd," a conjecture made by Singer's and Collier's MS. Correctors. Delius and Knight retain the reading of the Q, Ff, and Ingleby (*Complete View of the Shakespeare Controversy*, etc., p. 232, quoted by Dyce) remarks: "'*Mirror'd*' for *married* is just one of those emendations which beguile the judgment, lull criticism, and enlist our love of the surprising and ingenious. *But it is not sound*"—a conclusion which Dyce himself questions. I do

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Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things, again most dear in the esteem,

not feel convinced of the necessity of change, or think that if "mirror'd" had been found it would have been altered to *married*.

114. *in his circumstance*] in his detailed examination of the question.

116. *Though ... consisting*] though much may be comprised in him and may result from him. Schmidt explains: "though much may depend on his co-operation and power".

119. *form'd*] given shape to.

120. *Where ... extended*] by which they are published to the world; *who* = which.

123. *wrapt*] See my note on *Timon of Athens*, I. i. 19.

125. *The unknown Ajax*] Clarke explains "unknown to himself, wanting in true self-knowledge," which the context "That has ... what" may perhaps support. Johnson: "who has abilities which were never brought into view or use"—a rather complimentary remark; Schmidt: "hinted at unintentionally and unconsciously," which seems best, since *here* in the line above means "in this description".

128. *abject ... use!*] "Poor in estimation, but precious in utility; little valued but very useful" (Rolfe).

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And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow,—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men do,
While some men leave to do.
How some men creep in skittish fortune's
hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look: what! are my deeds for-
got?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:

137. *fasting*] Q; *feasting* Ff. 141. *shrieking*] *shriking* Q; *shrinking* Ff.

134, 135. *How some . . . eyes!*] how some men slink about in the corners of freakish Fortune's hall, while others with their idiotic gambols obtrude themselves upon her notice; *creep* has been explained as "keep out of sight" (Johnson); "remain tamely inactive" (Malone); and *creep in* as "get secretly into" (Schmidt); a sense which would, I think, involve either "into" or "in at".

137. *While . . . wantonness*] while pride, out of its wanton self-satisfaction, goes hungry away.

145. *Time . . . back*] Boaden thinks that Shakespeare took the figure from the *Faerie Queene*, VI. viii. 24:—

"And eeke *this wallet at your back arreare* . . .
And in this bag, which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things *past and gone*".

147. *monster*] Singer conjectures "muster".

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Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: then what they do in present,

152. *mail*] Pope; *male* Q, Ff. 158. *hedge*] Ff; *turne* Q. 160-163. *hindmost: Or . . . trampled on: then*] *him most, then* Q (omitting *Or . . . on*). 162. *abject rear*] Hanmer; *abject, neere* Ff 1, 2; *abject, neer* Ff 3, 4.

150. *perseverance*] accented on the second syllable. So "persever" always in Shakespeare.

152. *mail*] suit of armour.

153. *Take . . . way*] march straight on without pause. Compare the next three lines. Not, I think, "serve the present time" (Schmidt).

154, 155. *in a strait . . . abreast*] We should now say either "in a narrow strait where but," etc., or "in a strait so narrow that but," etc.

158. *forthright*] straight path. Compare *The Tempest*, III. iii. 3; used adverbially also by Chapman, *Iliad*, xix. 408; Heywood, *Deorum Judicium*, vol. vi. p. 246: "Look here *forthright*, just where my finger points". So "fore-right," Dekker, *Northward Ho!* vol. iii. p. 17: "Yet thought I had gone *fore-right*". The latter word was frequent as an adjective, *e.g.* Massinger, *The Bondman*, iii. 3: "A *fore-right* gale of liberty"; *The Renegado*, v. 8.

162. *Lie . . . rear*] you lie there to be trodden upon by the miserable creatures behind you; for the ellipsis, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 401.

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Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

179. *than gilt*] *then guilt* Q, Ff 1, 2; *in gilt* Ff 3, 4.

168. *Grasps . . . comer*] Hanmer gives "Grasps *the in-comer*"; but the text is stronger in its emphasis of welcome.

168, 169. *welcome . . . sighing*] smiles of welcome greet the fresh face, sighs alone attend farewell: *virtue*, nobility of character and of action.

175. *One touch . . . kin*] Grant White (*The Galaxy*, February, 1877), quoted by Rolfe, forcibly points out the sentimental misapplication of this line in ordinary parlance, and shows clearly that the "one touch" is the readiness to praise "new-born gawds," etc.

178, 179. *And give . . . o'er-dusted*] Thirlby's emendation, *give* for "goe," first adopted by Theobald, is now universally accepted. His further proposal, "gold" for *gilt* in the second of the lines is approved by Walker and edited by Hudson.

181. *complete*] Schmidt, *Lexicon, Grammatical Observations*, writes: "The form *cómplete* always precedes a noun accented on the first syllable, *complète* is always in the predicate".

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That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder!
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,

184. *once on*] Q; *out on* Ff.

189. *Made . . . themselves*] A reference to the share taken by the rival deities in the combats before Troy.

190. *and drave . . . faction*] and drove the god of war to abandon his impartial attitude towards combatants and to take sides in the struggle.

194. *one . . . daughters*] "*sc.* Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris" (Steevens).

197. *The providence . . . state*] foresight when aroused, active.

199. *incomprehensive*] unfathomable. Compare "inexpressive," *As You Like It*, III. ii. 10; "plausive," *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. ii. 53; "directive," above, I. iii. 355; and see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 445.

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Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena;
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him".
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

211. *our islands*] *our island* Q; *her Iland* Ff 1, 2, 3; *her Island* F 4.

201. *Does thoughts . . . cradles*] A large variety of conjectures in amendment of this halting line is recorded by the Cambridge Edd. Clarke not only "can see no necessity for change," but "extremely admires the original expression"!

202, 203. *There is . . . state*] appears to mean that in the inmost principle of statecraft there is a mystery of which men do not venture to speak. I suppose the application of these and the two following lines is that by the operation of this mystery Agamemnon and the other chiefs had become as perfectly aware of Achilles's commerce with Troy as Achilles himself was.

215. *lover*] one devoted to you; as frequently in the language of the day.

216. *The fool . . . break*] The inner meaning of this aphorism is not touched upon by any commentator known to me. Delius, indeed, says: "Under Achilles, a man of great weight, the ice would break, over which the light-footed fool slides". But this does not help one. Is the sense: "The fool can afford to do

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Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O! then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

226. *air*] *ayre* Q; *ayrie ayre* Ff 1, 2; *airie* (or *airy*) *air* Ff 3, 4.

things which would be unworthy of you?" or is it: "The fool easily escapes dangers that to a man of your dignity would be fatal?"

229. *shrewdly gor'd*] dangerously wounded; keeping up the figure in the previous line. Compare *Hamlet*, v. ii. 261: "To keep my name *ungored*". The origin of "gore" = pierce, stab, wound, is doubtful, but the word has no connection with "gore," thickened blood. Chapman, *Iliad*, has "ingored" (xvi. 741), "undergore" (xiv. 408).

232. *Seals . . . danger*] gives danger a free hand in attacking him. "Blanks" were warrants given to agents of the crown to fill up as they pleased in exacting imposts; compare *Richard II.* II. i. 250. Also warrants or blank papers generally. Compare Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, v. i.: "I will *seal* to it, that, or to a *blank*"; *The Widow*, I. i. 54: "see you these *blanks*? I 'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance." We retain the usage in the phrase a

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And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say "There were

"*blank* cheque". The words *Seal a commission* prove that Schmidt is mistaken in giving *blank* as "the white mark in the centre of a butt".

238. *a woman's longing*] such as women feel in pregnancy. Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. ii. 137: "a *month's mind*"; Middleton, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, III. iii. 243:—

"I had such *a woman's first and second longing*
To hear how she would bear her mock'd abuse".

240. *weeds*] dress; A.S. *wǽd*, a garment, covering.

242. *Even . . . view*] to the fullest satisfaction of my eyes.

255, 256. *a politic regard*] a look of profound wisdom.

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wit in this head, an 'twould out"; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said "Good morrow, Ajax"; and he replies "Thanks, Agamemnon". What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

256. *this head*] Q; *his head* Ff.

257, 258. *it lies . . . knocking*] Compare *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 110-113:—

"you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again".

265, 266. *a very land-fish*] as completely at his wits' end as a fish on shore.

266-268. *A plague . . . jerkin*] Here *opinion* seems to mean that estimate of one's self which at one time shows a man's character in its most seemly garb and anon presents its sorrier fashion. Compare *Othello*, IV. ii. 146:—

"Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without".

271, 272. *he . . . answering*] he publicly proclaims that he will not answer when spoken to; *not answering*, as if hyphened, refusal to answer.

273. *he wears . . . mars*] Compare *Macbeth*, V. viii. 7: "My voice is in my sword".

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Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, *et cætera.* Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

298. *be wi' you*] Rowe; *buy you* Q, Ff 1, 2, 3; *b' you* F 4. 300. *eleven of the*] *a leuen of the* Q; *eleuen a* Ff.

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Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

311. *bear*] Q; *carry* Ff.

308, 309, *but, . . . none*] but *I need not have any doubt on this point* for I am, etc.

310. *catlings*] catgut (really the intestines of a sheep). Compare Marston, *What You Will*, III. ii. 92:—

"Tickling the dried *guts* of a mewing *cat*".

314. *capable*] intelligent, gifted. Compare *Richard III.* III. i. 155.

318. *that I might . . . it!*] that I might bring an ass, the only animal that would care to do so, to drink of it, for even he would not taste it as it now is.

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ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Troy. A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and Servant with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æneas. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good-morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

7. *A valiant . . . hand,*—] Better thus punctuated than by a colon or semicolon at *hand*, since "Witness . . . speech" means "as let the process of your speech witness".

9. *by days*] day by day.

11. *During . . . truce*] during all the converse that the gentle truce allows between us.

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Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

16. *But when . . . meet*] but when the time is opportune to conflict.

19, 20. *that will fly . . . backward*] Compare *Cymbeline*, I. ii. 15-17: "*Clo.* The villain would not stand me. *Sec. Lord* [*Aside.*] No; he fled forward still, toward your face"; *humane* and "human" are, of course, merely different spellings of the same word in order to distinguish the particular senses. In Shakespeare the word is always "humane" or "humaine," whichever the sense.

22. *By Venus' hand*] "This oath," says Warburton, "was used to indicate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand"; and Clarke adds that "Shakespeare well introduces this allusion as aiding to show the temporary courtesy with enduring animosity which co-exist and co-express themselves in the speech of Æneas". But surely this is impossible. Rather, as Blakeway says, "he swears first by the life of his father and then by the hand of his mother".

24. *more excellently*] to be taken with "in such a sort".

25. *sympathise*] have a fellow-feeling in this matter.

26. *If . . . glory*] if my sword is not to have the glory of slaying him.

27. *courses . . . sun*] Compare *Othello*, III. iv. 71; Psalms xix. 4.

28. *in mine . . . honour*] as satis-

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Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,

40. *do think*] Ff; *beleeue* Q. 44. *quality wherefore*] Q; *quality whereof* Ff 1, 2; *quality, whereof* Ff 3, 4.

faction to my honour eager for his death.

36. *His purpose meets you*] I come to tell you of his purpose.

40. *constantly do think*] firmly believe, cannot help thinking. Compare *King Lear*, v. i. 4.

44. *with . . . wherefore*] with full explanation of the character of our visit.

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Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight

66. *he as he . . . whore*] Q; *he as he, which . . . whore* Ff.

57. *hell of pain*] Compare *Sonnet* cxx. 5, 6.

59. *Not palating*] without being sensible of. In *Coriolanus*, III. i. 104, "most *palates* theirs" = smacks most strongly of.

62. *a flat . . . piece*] "a cask that has been broached, and the contents of which have thus become flat to the taste. For *piece*, compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 10: 'Strike a fresh *piece* of wine'" (Rolfe). Schmidt suggests "flat-tamed," *i.e.* "tamed to flatness or staleness". Of course "piece" is frequently used of persons, sometimes in contempt, as in *Titus Andronicus*, I. i. 309.

64. *breed out*] breed a line of; Shakespeare elsewhere uses "breed out" as = exhaust by breeding, *e.g.* *Henry V.* III. v. 29; *Timon of Athens*, I. i. 259.

66. *the heavier*] all the heavier: *the*, by so much.

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A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Court of* PANDARUS'S *House.*

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

6. *infants'*] Capell; *infants* Q, Ff.

74. *suffer'd*] supply "have" from "hath" in the line above.

75. *chapmen*] hagglers.

78. *but commend*] Jackson's emendation for "*not* commend," *i.e.* here there is no thought with us of selling. Those who retain *not*, follow Johnson in explaining that as the Trojans, if they have to part with Helen, will make the Greeks pay dearly for her, they will not practise the seller's art of commending, though the Greeks had practised that of the buyer in dispraising what they were anxious to buy. Other conjectures are, for *what we*, "*till* we," "*without* we," "that ne'er," "that not"; for *we intend to sell*, "*w*' intend *not* sell," "we intend *not* sell".

Scene II.

4. *kill*] seems to be nothing more than a pretty daintiness for "subdue," "overpower"; but "seal," "still," "fill," "kill," "kiss," have been proposed.

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Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry:
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

13. *tediously*] Q; *hidiously* Ff.

9. *ribald*] as though their raucous chattering were scurrilously commenting upon the loves of Troilus and Cressida.

12. *venomous wights*] Steevens refers to *venifici*, or practisers of nocturnal sorcery. Perhaps rather all doers of malignant deeds of darkness are meant.

24. *Here, . . . Cressid*] affecting to believe that she cannot be Cressida.

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Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking within.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd o' the head!
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.

[*Knocking within.*

31. *capocchio*] Delius quotes Florio's *Dict.* (1598), "capocchio, a dolt, a loggerhead," etc., but retains *capocchia* (Theobald's conjecture for "chipochia" of Q, Ff). Dyce writes: "Several editors print 'capocchia'; but wrongly, if the term is to be considered as Italian, and as meaning *simpleton*; though an edition of Baretti's *Ital. Dict.* is now before me, in which '*capocchio*' is given as *an adjective*. The word 'capocchia' signifies *the knob of a stick*, and—something else."

33. *bugbear*] "a sort of hobgoblin, presumably in the shape of a bear, supposed to devour naughty children" (*New Eng. Dict.*). Compare Heywood, *The Iron Age*, pt. i., vol. iii. p. 312 (Thersites to Achilles), "Thou the champion of Greece; a mere *bugbear*, a scare-crow"; "bug" was used in the same sense, *e.g. The Taming of the Shrew*, I. ii. 211, "fear boys with *bugs*"; Marlowe, ii *Tamburlaine*, III. v.:—

"here are *bugs*
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads";

and adjectively, Massinger, *A New Way*, etc., III. ii.: "No *bug* words, sir".

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How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

58. *you are ware*] Q; *y' are ware* Ff.

48, 49. *what news . . . early?*] Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, v. iii. 1:—

"Ful ready was *at pryme* Diomede
Criseyde un-to the Grekes ost to lede".

57. *Who!*] Theobald gives "Pho!" Hudson, "What!"

59, 60. *do not you . . . hither*] you can affect, if you like, not to know anything about him, but, all the same, go, etc.

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My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

63. *rash*] full of haste, urgent, importunate. Compare *Coriolanus*, IV. vii. 32:—

"their people
Will be as *rash* in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence".

70. *By Priam . . . Troy*] Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. xxxi. 1, 2:—

"For which delivered was by parlement,
For Antenor to yelden up Criseyde".

74. *we met by chance*] you must say that we, etc. Compare above: "I did not send you".

75. *secrets*] probably a trisyllable here, as frequently in the dramatists. The Cambridge Edd. record a long list of conjectures.

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Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

96. *changed*] exchanged. Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. lxxix. 7:—
"Sin she is *changed* for the townes good".

98. *bane*] ruin, destruction, as often in Shakespeare.

103. *touch of consanguinity*] "sense or feeling of relationship" (Malone).

106. *crown of falsehood*] Compare *Cymbeline*, I. vi. 4: "my supreme *crown* of grief".

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Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before* PANDARUS'S *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

1. *great morning*] "grand jour, a Gallicism" (Steevens); our "broad day".

3. *Comes fast upon*] Pope gives "upon *us*"; perhaps "upon *'s*".

6. *presently*] at once, the more radical sense; as generally in Shakespeare.

11. *And would . . . help I*] and wish I could help you as truly as I shall pity you.

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SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in* PANDARUS'S *House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah! sweet ducks.

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. *O heart*, as the goodly saying is,—

—O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.

4, 5. *violenteth in . . . As that which*] Q; *no lesse in . . . As that which* Ff 1, 2; *no lesse in . . . as that, Which* Ff 3, 4. 9. *dross*] *drosse* Q; *crosse* Ff. 18, 19. As verse first by Pope; prose in Q, Ff.

4. *violenteth*] rages. Steevens quotes "violenceth" from Jonson; Tollet, "violented" from Fuller; and Farmer, "violentes" from Latimer.

7. *palate*] taste.

13. *pair of spectacles*] with a pun on *spectacles*.

19. *friendship*] *i.e. mere* friendship.

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There was never a truer rime. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We too, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste

24. *strain'd*] Q; *strange* Ff.

25. *fancy*] love; as so frequently.
28. *envy*] jealousy.
33. *where . . . chance*] a case in which injurious accident, etc.
36. *Of all rejoindure*] of all possibility of meeting again.
37. *embrasures*] embracements; apparently a coinage of Shakespeare's in this sense.
41. *With . . . one*] with the scant ceremony of one brief sigh.
42-46. *Injurious . . . adieu*] just

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Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root! [*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

48. *Distasted*] Q; *Distasting* Ff.

as a robber, in his haste to get clear away, crams up his booty in any way he can, so time cruelly compels us to cram into a moment the precious delight of leave-taking.

45. *with distinct . . . them*] with the several utterances that should accompany those farewells, and with kisses that should ratify them. With *consign'd kisses* Malone compares *Measure for Measure*, IV. i. 5, 6, and *Venus and Adonis*, 511. Schmidt explains "kisses allotted to them"; but surely *consign'd* indicates the legal deliverance of a bond, *to them* meaning "in addition to them".

48. *Distasted . . . tears*] robbed of all sweetness by the salt tears of broken sobs.

50. *Genius*] the spirit which was supposed to attend a man through life. Compare *Macbeth*, III. i. 55, 56.

53. *rain . . . wind*] Compare *Macbeth*, I. vii. 25: "That tears shall drown the wind".

57. *When . . . again?*] So *Cymbeline*, I. i. 124.

59. *deem*] supposition; here only in Shakespeare. Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. CCXXX. 3, 4:—

"I see wel now that ye mistrusten me;
For by your wordes it is wel y-sene".

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Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent; but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! "be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;

61. *For . . . us*] for it is farewell we now are saying.

63. *throw . . . himself*] challenge even Death in championship of your truth.

44. *maculation*] taint of disloyalty.

65, 66. *to fashion . . . protestation*] as foreshaping the assurance I am about to make.

80. *And I'll . . . danger*] The more ordinary expression would be "I'll grow friends," even though a single person only is spoken of. Heywood, *The English Traveller*, ii., thrice has the curious construction: "The ghost and I *am* friends".

70. *Wear this sleeve*] Steevens quotes Hall's *Chronicle*: "One ware on his headpiece his lady's sleeve, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling"; and Drayton, *Barons' Wars*: "A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore". Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, v. cxlix. 7:—

"She made him were a pencel of hir sleve".

76. *full of quality*] richly gifted. Compare above, III. iii. 96: "how dearly ever parted". The variations of the old copies are here great, while the texts of the different editors are still more discrepant. "The quarto reads:—

'Here why I speak it, loves,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise'.

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They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

The first folio has:—

'Heare why I speak it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving well compos'd, with guifts of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise'.

The second folio has the same except that it substitutes 'Flowing' for 'Flawing'. The third and fourth have substantially the same reading as the second. . . . The reading which we have adopted in the text is that of Mr. Staunton. The word 'Flowing' was in all probability a marginal correction for 'swelling,' which the printer of the folio by mistake added to the line" (the Cambridge Editors, whom I have followed).

79. *parts with person*] mental gifts and personal fascination. Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, IV. ccxiii. 1-6.

86. *lavolt*] or "lavolta," or "levalto," originally two words, *la volta*, was a lively dance for two persons with "lofty jumping" and "leaping round" (Davies, *Orchestra*, etc., st. 70). Compare Marston, ii *Antonio and Mellida*, v. ii. 22: "Skip light *lavoltas*"; *The Fawn*, II. i. 400: "who 'll run a caranto, or leap a *levalto*?" and, figuratively, Middleton, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, v. i. 88: "The *lavoltas* of a merry heart be with you, sir".

88. *pregnant*] naturally addicted; for the construction with "to," compare *King Lear*, IV. vi. 227.

90. *dumb-discoursive*] Compare *The Tempest*, III. iii. 39.

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Tro. No.
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas! it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

102. *Who, I ?*] Capell; *Who I ?* Ff; *Who I*, Q.

94. *will*] intend, desire.

96. *will tempt*] are determined to make trial of.

97. *Presuming . . . potency*] not sufficiently taking into account the tendency to change which is so powerful in them. Clarke explains: "presuming too far on the strength of that which is variable, unstable, and fallible". Dyce suggests: "their potency which is subject to variation, and therefore imperfect, and not to be rashly relied upon". Neither explanation seems to emphasise sufficiently that the *potency* is towards change. The "powers" are "frail," their only "potency" being one towards the worser course.

103, 104. *Whiles . . . simplicity*] while others with subtle lure angle for the reputation of wisdom, my use of bare truth wins for me the character of a plain, simple man; *mere* meaning "pure," "complete". Johnson explains: "While others, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain, simple approbation". Not to lay stress on the fact that here no distinction is made between fishing for and catching—though the difference between studied effort and natural disposition is not important—this interpretation seems to miss the main point. It is not the *degree* but the *nature* of the outcome in each case that Troilus dwells upon. He *neither fishes for nor gains approbation*, "simple" or otherwise. For the figure and sentiment, compare *The Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 101, 102:—

"But *fish* not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion":

Whiles, the old genitive used adverbially, like "needs," etc.

105. *Whilst . . . crowns*] The two lines emphasise the difference

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With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is "plain and true"; there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

106. *wear*] *were* Q. 119. *usage*] Q, Ff 3, 4; *visage* Ff 1, 2.

of attitude just implied. Compare Chapman, *Cæsar and Pompey*, i. 1:—

"and *golden* speech
Did Nature never give man but to *gild*
A *copper* soul in him".

In *Whilst* the *t* is excrescent.

107, 108. *the moral . . . true*] my wisdom may be summed up in the maxim "plain and true". For *moral* in this sense, compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. i. 120: "A good *moral*, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true".

111. *port*] gate; so Heywood, *The Iron Age*, pt. i. 1, has "the water-*port*".

112. *possess*] inform; as frequently in Shakespeare and the dramatists generally.

113. *Entreat*] treat. Compare *Richard II.* III. i. 37.

117. *save . . . expects*] Here *save* is taken as a verb, with a colon after *expects*. I am not sure that it is not an adverb, with the sense "independently of the gratitude which this prince expects of me for his assurance of mercy, the lustre," etc. If so, a comma will be the stop after *expects*. The opening lines of Troilus's answer seem to support this view.

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Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus,
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say "be't so,"
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "no".

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

122. *seal*] Theobald (Warburton conj.); *seale* Q, Ff 1, 2; *seal* Ff 3, 4.
123. *In praising*] Q; *I praising* Ff.

121-123. *thou dost . . . her*] in praising her and treating with disdain my urgent appeal on her behalf, you are not treating me with courtesy.

126. *even . . . charge*] merely because I so bid you.

132. *I'll answer . . . lust*] If the text is sound here, Rolfe's explanation appears the only possible one, *viz.* "I'll *do* as I please," not, as some explain, "I'll *answer you* as I please". For *my lust*, the following are the conjectures recorded by the Cambridge Editors: "my *list*," "*thy last*," "my *lure*," "my *host*," "my *trust*," "*thy* lust," "my *best*," "*thy best*". It is possible, I think, that *ll* has been caught from the line below, and that we should read "*I* answer," *i.e.* I speak out plainly when I am at home, and I ask for the same privilege here as an envoy. "Lust" = pleasure is common enough in old English.

134, 135. *but that . . . "no"*] the mere fact of your saying "Be 't so" is enough to stir my spirit and honour to saying "No!"

137. *brave*] boast.

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Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes. Trumpet sounded.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning! 140
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity, 145
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

144-148. Dei. *Let . . . chivalry*] Omitted in Q.

146. *address*] See note on I. iii. 166, above, and compare Chapman, *Iliad*, i. 590: "each Godhead to his house *Addressed* for sleep".

Scene v.

1. *appointment*] equipment. Compare *Hamlet*, IV. vi. 16: "a pirate of very warlike *appointment*".

2. *Anticipating . . . courage*] Modern editors, almost without exception, here follow Theobald's punctuation in removing the full stop after *time* and placing it at the end of the line. Knight and Schmidt (*Lexicon*) retain the punctuation of all the old copies, and with this I interpret *starting courage* as "bold defiance"; *the appalled air* seems to bear out this sense, and the repetition of *with*, on which Clarke lays stress, is hardly a valid objection. Shakespeare more than once uses "start" transitively for "startle". With Theobald's punctuation I can see no satisfactory explanation of *starting courage*.

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Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

6. *hale*] haul, draw. Collier conjectures "hail": *trumpet*, trumpeteer.

8. *bias cheek*] Steevens says that the idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as represented in ancient prints, maps, etc.; *bias* was used literally of the weight inserted on one side of a bowl to give a particular tendency, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. v. 25:—

"thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the *bias*";

figuratively of the tendency, *Twelfth Night*, V. i. 267:—

"But nature to her *bias* drew in that".

9. *Outswell . . . Aquilon*] swell larger than Aquilon when distended by colic: *Aquilon*, the Greek Boreas, said to be so called because its flight was as swift as that of an eagle.

11. *for Hector*] to summon Hector.

12. *'Tis . . . days*] it is but early in the day; again the old genitive adverbially.

13. *yond*] here a demonstrative pronoun, but properly an adverb.

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Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O! this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,

29. *And . . . argument*] Q; omitted in Ff.

20. *Yet is . . . particular*] general though he be, his kiss is but particular; with a pun on the two senses of "general".

24. *I'll take . . . lips*] probably with allusion to the belief that disease was thus transferred to the kisser. Compare *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 63, 64:—

"I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again".

28. *For thus . . . hardiment*] Here *in* seems to do double duty, as an adverb with *popp'd*, as a preposition with *hardiment: thus, sc.* with kisses.

30. *theme . . . scorns*] text for the scorn which we invite by fighting for her.

36. *In kissing . . . receive?*] Steevens compares *The Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 141:—

"I arm by note to give and to receive,"

said as Bassanio kisses Portia.

37. *I'll . . . live*] probably, as Tyrwhitt says, "I'll lay my life".

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The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.
[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

48. *then*] Q; *then?* Ff.

40. *boot*] something in addition, interest; A.S. *bôt*, advantage, profit.

41. *You're . . . man*] a play upon *odd* = singular, and *odd* = single, *i.e.* no longer having a wife to make up a pair.

45. *You fillip . . . head*] you give me a shrewd tap in this taunt.

46. *It were . . . horn*] you may well say so, for his horn is far too tough for your nail to make any impression upon it.

48. *beg then*] to mend the metre Dyce here adds *do*.

56. *her foot speaks*] Compare Dekker, *The Untrussing of the Humourous Poet*, vol. i. p. 224 (Pearson's Reprint):—

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At every joint and motive of her body.
O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all ye state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

59. *accosting*] Theobald; *a coasting* Q, Ff. 61. *ticklish*] Q; *tickling* Ff. 65. *the state*] Q; *you state* Ff.

"For a true furnished courtier hath such force,
Though his tongue faint, *his very legs discourse*".

57. *motive*] that which gives motion. Compare *Richard II.* I. i. 193:—

"my tongue . . .
The slavish *motive* of recanting fear".

58. *encounterers*] The *New Eng. Dict.* explains the word as "one who meets another half way, a froward person, coquette"; but I know not on what authority.

59. *accosting*] Theobald's emendation of *a coasting*. Those who retain that reading usually explain "a sidelong glance of invitation," in which case an antecedent has to be found in *encounterers*. Mr. Churton Collins, *Studies in Shakespeare*, pp. 301, 302, quoting Turbervile's *Noble Art of Venerie* and *Venus and Adonis*, 870, to show that to "coast" is to move alongside, says that to "give a coasting welcome, ere it comes" means "to move alongside of a welcome, or meet it before it comes". Had the words been "to give welcome a coasting," I could have understood this explanation, but, as they stand, it seems impossible.

60. *tables*] tablets. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii. 92.

61. *ticklish*] wanton, prurient. Compare v. ii. 52, below.

62. *sluttish . . . opportunity*] "corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey" (Johnson).

65. *all the taste*] all the assembled chiefs. Dyce conjectures "all *you* (or *ye*) states".

66. *commands*] If the reading is sound, *victory* must be the object. Walker conjectures, and Hudson edits, "crowns," in which case *victory* is the subject.

66, 67. *or do you . . . known?*] or is it your intention that there shall be *any* declaration at all of victory?

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A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O! I perceive you.

74. *misprizing*] *misprising* Q; *disprising* Ff.

73. *securely*] over - confidently. Compare II. ii. 15, above, "Surety secure".

74. *misprising*] Compare *As You Like It*, I. i. 172; *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. ii. 33.

78, 79. *In the extremity . . . Hector*] in the extreme greatness of his valour, as in the extreme littleness of his pride, Hector is pre-eminent.

83. *This Ajax . . . blood*] See note on II. i. 14, above.

87. *A maiden battle*] "a bloodless contest, like that of novices; not 'a gory emulation,' line 123" (Rolfe).

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Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath.

103. *impare*] Q; *impaire* Ff 1, 2; *impair* Ff 3, 4.

92. *a breath*] a breathing, a spell of exercise, as in II. iii. 118, above, and *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. ii. 17, "sick for *breathing* and exploit".

92, 93. *the combatants . . . stints*] the fact of their being kin, etc. Compare *Cymbeline*, v. v. 343: "beaten for loyalty Excited me to treasons," *i.e.* the fact of my being beaten.

98. *deedless . . . tongue*] making no boast of his prowess. Mr. Collins compares Sophocles, *Philoctetes*, 97, γλῶσσαν μὲν ἀργόν, χεῖρα δ' εἶχον ἐργάτιν.

103. *impare*] This is the reading of the Q. The folios give "impaire," or "impair," which some editors prefer. Others adopt Johnson's "impure". Though no instance has been found of *impare*, or of "impair," as an adjective, the former may, I think, be taken as an equivalent of the Lat. *impar*. For it is not the *modesty* of Troilus that is here in question, as the advocates of "impure" assume, nor his "ripeness of judgment," as the Cambridge editors say, but his *sincerity*, his *evening* of his words to his thoughts. The line "Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty" qualifies and expands the words "For what he has he

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Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd: there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

114, 115. *Hector . . . thee*] Arranged as by Steevens (1793); one line in Q, Ff. 115. *dispos'd: there*] *dispo'd there* Q; *dispos'd there* Ff.

gives," and the line "Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath" qualifies and expands the words "what he thinks he shows".

105, 106. *in his blaze . . . objects*] even when his rage is at its hottest grants terms of mercy to defenceless objects. Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, I. xvii. 1: "Now was this Ector *pitous of nature*".

107. *vindicative*] here only.

109. *as fairly . . . Hector*] as fair as that built on Hector. Compare *Troilus and Criseyde*, II. xcii. 7: "And next his brother, holdere up of Troye".

111. *Even . . . inches*] from top to toe. The phrase was also used in the sense of "as far as one's capacities go," as in Jonson, *The Magnetic Lady*, I. i.: "all men are Philosophers, *to their inches*".

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The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou could'st say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's"; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

124. *commixtion*] Q, F 4; *commixion* Ff 1, 2, 3. 132. *Of our rank feud*] Ff; omitted in Q. 133. *drop*] *day* Q.

132. *gainsay*] forbid; A.S. *gegn*, against, and *say*.

139. *free*] generous of soul.

142. *Neoptolemus*] Johnson is probably right in supposing that "by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was Achilles Neoptolemus". In Jonson's *Poetaster*, IV. i., Tucca says: "Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we hear abroad thou art the Hector of citizens. What sayest thou? are we welcome, noble Neoptolemus?" Does he here make the same mistake?

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On whose bright crest Fame with her loudest Oyes
Cries "This is he!" could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As seld I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

143. *Oyes*] (*O yes*) Q, Ff.

143. *Oyes*] F *oyes*, hear ye; the usual introduction to a proclamation or advertisement by the public crier.

150. *As seld . . . chance*—] an elliptical expression = *which I might hope for now, for* I so rarely, etc.: *seld*, in Shakespeare here only and in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 175, though in *Coriolanus*, II. i. 229, we have "*seld*-shown," as in Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, I. i., "*seld*-seen," and in quasi-composition, Chapman, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, v. i.: "These spirits *seld* or never haunting men".

156. *To the . . . part*] to those of our party who are awaiting to know the issue of this meeting.

162. *portly*] of stately bearing or carriage. The word nowadays has narrowed itself down to little more than an euphemism for "corpulent," but was formerly used in a more gracious sense. Thus Marlowe, i *Tamburlaine*, I. ii., uses it of "the

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Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus.*] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of war-like brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

163. *of*] Ff; *all* Q. 165-170. *But . . . integrity*] Ff; omitted in Q. 169. *bias-drawing*] Theobald; *bias drawing* Ff. 176. *Who*] Q, F 1; *Whom* Ff 2, 3, 4.

fair Xenocrate"; and Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, III. i. 4, even of "viands".

163, 164. *as welcome . . . enemy*] as welcome as is possible to one who would gladly hear of your death.

169. *Strain'd . . . bias-drawing*] purged of all such tortuous inclination as the bias gives to the bowl. Compare *King John*, II. i. 577: "this *vile-drawing* bias, This sway of motion".

170. *divine*] godlike.

171. *From heart . . . heart*] Steevens compares *Hamlet*, III. ii. 78: "In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart".

172. *imperious*] Dyce, *Glossary*, says: "though Shakespeare and sundry of his contemporaries make no distinction between *imperious* and *imperial*, yet . . . Bullokar carefully distinguishes between them: 'imperial, royal or chief, emperor-like: *imperious*, that commandeth with authority, lord-like, stately'". It would, perhaps, be safer to say that though Shakespeare frequently uses *imperious* where we should *imperial*, he rarely, if ever, uses *imperial* for *imperious* in its modern sense of *despotic*.

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Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hect. O! pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
That I have said to some my standers by,
"Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life".
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

178. *that I . . . oath*] Ff; *thy affect the vntraded earth* Q. 187. *Despising many*] Q; *And seene thee scorning* Ff. 188. *thy advanced*] Ff; *th' advanced* Q.

178. *untraded*] unhackneyed. In *Henry V.* III. vi. 80, we have "new-*tuned* oaths," and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 135, "new-*found* oaths". Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, III. i., ridicules this kind of affectation in his character of Captain Bobadil who excites the envious admiration of Master Stephen, the country gull, by such oaths as "By Pharaoh's foot," "Body o' Cæsar," etc.

184. *Labouring for destiny*] acting as though a reaper in the service of Fate.

187. *Despising . . . subduements*] not deigning to trouble yourself with those who were already vanquished and forfeited to death; the abstract for the concrete.

188. *advanced*] raised high to strike. Compare *Henry V.* v. ii. 382.

189. *decline . . . declin'd*] descend upon those fallen. Compare *Hamlet*, III. ii. 500, and for *declined*, used figuratively, *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. xiii. 27.

191. *dealing life*] *sc.* by not taking it.

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Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

195. *still*] ever.
196. *grandsire*] Laomedon.
210. *I have . . . time—*] Apparently Nestor here breaks off in his reminiscences. The Cambridge editors, with Q, Ff 1, 2, put a full stop after *time;* most editors, with Ff 3, 4, mark a break.
213. *favour*] See note on I. ii. 98, above.

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Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

219. *pertly*] Q, F 1; *partly* Ff 2, 3, 4. 220. *Yond*] Ff; *Yon* Q.

219. *pertly*] boldly, with a notion of light-heartedness. Compare *Edward I.* xii. 15: "I have not a penny, which makes me so *pertly* pass through these thickets".

220. *buss*] Though in Shakespeare's day the word was not vulgarised it seems generally to have had a somewhat amorous sense. Malone quotes *The Rape of Lucrece*, line 1370: "Threatening *cloud-kissing* Ilion with annoy," which Heywood imitates with "*sky-kissing* Ilium".

221. *I must . . . you*] my patriotism forbids my believing anything of the sort.

230. *thou!*] Tyrwhitt conjectures "though"; Singer, "then—"; Walker, "there". Clarke remarks that "the repetition of a pronoun thus in a sentence, for the sake either of emphatic, playful or scornful effect, was usual"; and the arrogant *thou* would be in keeping with the speaker's character. Compare *Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 48: "if thou *thoust* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss," the advice given to Aguecheek when about to write a challenge.

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I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O! like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly

232. *perus'd*] thoroughly surveyed; a word strange in its composition from Latin and French, and in its sense, which should be to "use thoroughly".

233. *quoted*] noted, marked.

235. *Stand . . . thee*] let me have a full view of you in all your goodly proportions.

241. *Why dost . . . eye?*] Is this intended to mark a presentiment of his fate?

242-246. *Tell me . . . heavens!*] Knight remarks: "It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspere to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict [as in Homer], but more characteristically in the place which he has given it".

249-251. *Think'st . . . dead?*] do you fancy that when we meet in deadly combat you can surprise my life with such easy carelessness as now to name beforehand the exact part of my body in which you will deliver the fatal stroke?

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As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident and purpose bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,

255. *stithied*] forged; "stithy," or "stith" as Chaucer has it, seems always to be used of an anvil, not of a workshop; and on *Hamlet*, III. ii. 89:—

"And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's *stithy*,"

Dowden says that the two senses are confounded: *Mars his*, for "his," "sometimes used, by mistake, for 's, the sign of the possessive case, particularly after a proper name, and with especial frequency when the name ends in *s*," see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 217.

259. *endeavour deeds*] Compare *The Advancement of Learning*, I. i. 3: "but rather let men *endeavour* an endless progress or proficience in both".

260. *chafe thee*] allow yourself to be irritated.

262. *to 't*] meaning "to an encounter," though *it* is used indefinitely without reference to any antecedent expressed.

263-265. *You may . . . him*] if you have a private inclination, appetite, for it, you can any day find ample opportunity for fighting with Hector, though I don't suppose that consideration of public welfare would persuade you to come to blows with him; in *stomach* there is probably the further sense of "courage," so common in Shakespeare, with a sneering insinuation. Schmidt takes *state* as persons representing a body politic, as in line 65, above.

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If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

274, 275. *him. Beat . . . tabourines*] Ff; *him to taste your bounties* Q. 281. *upon the heaven nor earth*] Q; *on heaven, nor on earth* Ff.

267. *pelting*] paltry; probably connected with "peltry" and "paltry," formed of rags, hence vile, worthless. Compare *Richard II.* II. i. 60, and *King Lear*, II. iii. 18.

272. *in the full . . . we*] let us feast in full assemblage.

274. *severally*] separately, individually.

275. *tabourines*] drums. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. viii. 37.

278. *keep*] dwell, reside; a term still in use of rooms in colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

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Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

287. *As gentle*] Ff; *But gentle* Q.

287. *As gentle*] with like courtesy.

290, 291. *to such . . . due*] *i.e.* I should deserve to be scorned if I were to say that she loved as she was loved by me.

292. *she loved*] Ff; *my Lord* Q.

293. *But still . . . tooth*] but love is ever a delicacy on which fortune is fond of whetting her appetite.

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ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

4. *core*] Ff; *curre* Q.

1. *Greekish*] Clarke thinks the strength and excellence of Greek wines is referred to.

2. *cool*] by letting it out into the air.

4. *core*] probably ulcerous sore, as in v. viii. 1, but with a play on "core," heart.

5. *batch*] "all that is baked at one time without heating the oven afresh" (Steevens). Compare *Every Man in His Humour*, I. ii.: "One is a rimer, sir, of your own *batch*, your own leaven".

6. *picture . . . seemest*] fool in looks, fool in reality.

11. *Who . . . now?*] A question of appeal, equivalent to "You see that Achilles can no longer be taunted with keeping his tent".

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Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-

16. *varlet*] F 4; *varlot* Q, Ff 1, 2, 3. 22-26. *raw . . . tetter*] Q; *and the like* Ff.

12. *The surgeon's . . . wound*] Pretending to think that an answer is required, Thersites replies with the same pun on *tents* as in II. ii. 16 above. So Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, I. i.: "he was a pitiful fellow, to lie like the children of Israel, all *in tents*"; and Middleton, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, II. iii. 103.

13. *adversity!*] Steevens understands this as = contrariety, and compares "avaunt Perplexity!" said in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. 298, by the Princess to Boyet who had been doing his best to perplex the dialogue. Collier conjectures "perversity," which Hudson edits.

16, 17. *male varlet*] Theobald, on Thirlby's suggestion, gives "male *harlot*," one objection to which is, as Johnson points out, that it is too plain to need the explanation which Patroclus asks. Farmer quotes "male varlet" from Dekker's *Honest Whore*, but it is very doubtful whether the expression there has the same sinister sense.

19, 20. *rotten . . . south*] Shakespeare often speaks of the south as being unhealthy, as *e.g. Coriolanus*, I. iv. 30: "All the contagion of the *south* light on you". But it seems probable that the allusion here is to Naples (compare "the Neapolitan boneache," II. iii. 22, above), supposed to be the original locale of the disease to which all those here catalogued are taken by Thersites to be the sequelae. This view is taken also by Dr. Bucknill (*Shakespeare's Medical Knowledge*, p. 234), from whom I quote an explanation of several of the terms here used: "*Loads of gravel in the back* of course refers to gravel in the kidneys, which would be attended by pain in the loins; . . . *lethargy* is frequently confounded by medical men of the time, and by Shakespeare himself, with apoplexy, and *cold palsies* is the old medical term for chronic paralysis. *Dirt-rotten livers* indicate a pathological state, as distinguished from a named disease. . . . The same may be said of *bladders full of imposthume* or chronic inflammation of the bladder, with muco-purulent discharge."

23. *wheezing lungs*] The dramatists

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thume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

34. *sleave*] *sleive* Q; *Sleyd* Ff.

frequently speak of "the cough o' the lungs," apparently as something worse than an ordinary cough and as being due to the venereal disease.

24. ***lime-kilns . . . palm***] burning sensations in the palms of the hands; which it is suggested to me to refer to palmar psoriasis—a more probable conjecture than that which Dr. Bucknill puts forward "for want of a better," *sc.* "chronic gout in the joints of the hands in which what are called chalk stones are found".

25. ***rivelled***] wrinkled. Here only in Shakespeare, though frequent in the dramatists; *e.g.* Marlowe, *Dido*, III. i., "*rivell'd* gold"; Marston, ii *Antonio and Mellida*, I. ii. 20: "the front of grief . . . much *rivell'd* with abortive care"; Middleton, *Blurt, Master Constable*, III. i. 71, "his *rivell'd* brow". This, according to Dr. Bucknill, "points to the intractable ring-worm".

27. ***discoveries***] Whether this is the abstract for the concrete or not, the meaning is too plain for doubt.

31. ***Why . . . butt***] Patroclus disclaims all applicability of the curse to himself: *you . . . butt*, you who resemble nothing so much as a dilapidated hogshead.

31, 32. ***indistinguishable cur***] mere lump of flesh and bones, and those the flesh and bones of a cur.

33. ***idle***] useless.

34. ***immaterial***] of no substance, worthless: *sleave silk*, floss silk, which till woven is useless.

37. ***water-flies***] Compare *Hamlet*, v. ii. 84: "Dost thou know this *waterfly?*" said of the empty-headed Osric.

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Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the

59. *his brother, the*] Ff; *his he the* Q.

40. *Finch-egg!*] Again retorting upon Patroclus's charge of lumpishness by that of insignificance. In Natural Histories of the time the finch is sometimes described as the smallest of birds. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. i. 78: "Thou *pigeon-egg* of discretion!"

45. *taxing me*] may mean either "reproaching me for intending to break my oath," or "reproachfully reminding me of my oath, and binding me to keep it".

57. *quails*] a cant term for loose women. Compare Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, III. i.: "By this light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion hen than with ten *quails* scarce grown into their first feathers"—an apostrophe to Morona; Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, IV. iii.: "Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor *quail* for them".

58, 59. *the goodly . . . Jupiter*] the god having changed himself into a bull when pursuing Europa in her form of a cow.

59-61. *the primitive . . . cuckolds*]

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primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis.
There, where we see the lights.

62. *hanging at his brother's*] Ff; *at his bare* Q. 67, 68. *a dog . . . fitchew*] Ff; *a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke* Q.

the prototype (in his horns) and figurative emblem of cuckolds.

61, 62. *a thrifty . . . leg*] a niggardly and not-to-be-shaken off hanger-on of his brother, like a shoeing-horn hanging to a man's leg by a chain. Compare Dekker, *Match me in London*, vol. iv. p. 192 (Pearson's Reprint): "You are held but as *shoeing-horns* to wait on great lords' heels".

62-64. *to what . . . to*] On doubled prepositions, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 407.

64. *forced*] *i.e.* farced, stuffed. Compare II. iii. 231, above.

68. *fitchew*] polecat; an animal supposed to be very amorous and known to be very offensive in smell: *puttock*, kite, *i.e.* not a noble kind of hawk, but one that feeds on carrion.

69. *a herring . . . roe*] Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 39: "*Without his roe*, like a dried herring," the roe being the most delicate part; or perhaps a "shotten herring," *i.e.* one that has spent the roe, as in *1 Henry IV.* v. iii. 30.

72, 73. *care not to be*] should not mind being.

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Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: "sweet" quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus.*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.
I'll keep you company.

84. *sewer*] Rowe; *sure* Q, Ff.

77. *himself*] properly a dative = by the same him. See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 20.
83. *draught*] a jakes.
91. *tide*] A.S. *tíd*, time.

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Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achil. Come, come; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before* CALCHAS' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

100, 101. *spend . . . hound*] give tongue without viewing the fox. Such a hound was, and still is, called a "brabbler". Compare *Henry V.* II. iv. 70.

102. *astronomers . . . it*] it is something so marvellous as to enter into the predictions of astronomers. Compare *Cymbeline*, III. ii. 27: *prodigious*, portentous.

105. *leave to see*] forgo seeing.

107. *uses*] dwells in.

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Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them,* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

10, 11. *sing her . . . cliff*] Q; *find her . . . life* Ff.

9. *She will . . . sight*] The more usual phrase nowadays is to sing a song or play a piece of music "at sight" (*i.e.* without having to practise it), but "at *first* sight" seems to have been more common of old, as Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, IV. ii. 199: "*Sir Alex.* You can play any lesson? *Moll.* At *first* sight, sir." Cressida, from her familiarity with Diomed at so short a notice, is thus said to be able to sing any man at first sight.

11. *cliff*] "in music, from *clef*, signifying a key; as it is a key to what is written, the lines and spaces referring to different notes, according to the cliff prefixed at the beginning. The principal *cliffs* are the bass, treble, and tenor; these are ascertained by the gamut. . . . It is often equivocally used by our old comic writers" (Nares). Sir John Hawkins defines the word as "a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks to what kind of voice—as base, tenor, or treble, it is proper". Of course in *noted* there is a pun.

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Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed.—

Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness.

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!

22. *come . . . pin*] *i.e.* don't waste your words by saying "I'll tell you what".

28. *Hold patience!*] adjuring himself to be patient.

37. *flow to*] are rapidly hastening to.

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Dio. And so, good-night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

55. *I will, la*] Theobald; *I will lo* Q, F 1; *I will goe* or *go* Ff 2, 3, 4.

51. *luxury*] lechery; as always toes being accounted stimulants to in Shakespeare: *potato-finger*, pota- *luxury*.

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Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again:
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O! all you gods. O! pretty, pretty pledge.
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

64. *I will . . . will*] Omitted in Q.
71. *Now she sharpens*] now she is whetting his desire.
72. *shall*] am determined to.
76. *memorial . . . kisses*] tender kisses of remembrance.
78. *doth take*] Q; *rakes* F 1; *takes* Ff 2, 3, 4.

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Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I 'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not me
Pleases me best.
Dio. What! shall I come? the hour?

87. *By all . . . yond*] "the stars which she points to" (Warburton).
90. *his spirit*] the spirit of him whoever it may be to whom it belonged.
97. *But it . . . you*] without it at once sending you off in a huff.

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Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!— Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prithee, come. [*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yets looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex; this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err. O! then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said "My mind is now turn'd whore".

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,

119. *had deceptious*] Ff; *were deceptions* Q.

101. *plagu'd*] punished. Compare *Richard II.* I. iii. 181:—
"And God, not we, hath *plagued* thy bloody deed".

105. *poor our sex*] an inversion similar to "dear my lord," etc.

109. *A proof . . . more*] Johnson explains "she could not publish a stronger proof". Rather, I think, "a strong proof that she could not publish more".

112. *To make . . . soul*] to set down in the tablets of my soul.

119. *deceptious*] Compare Heywood, *The Iron Age*, vol. iii. p. 317: "I trust no *deceptious* visions".

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Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself;

130. *soil*] *soyle* Ff; *spoile* Q. 135. *be sanctimonies*] Q; *are sanctimonie* Ff.

127. *critics*] censorious observers.
127, 128. *apt . . . depravation*] ready, though without having any fitting subject for it, to indulge in defamation. For *depravation*, compare *The Advancement of Learning*, i. 28: "a mere *depravation* and calumny, without all shadow of truth".
128, 129. *To square . . . rule*] to measure the sex in general by Cressida's standard: *rule*, the carpenter's tool of that name.
135. *sanctimonies*] ratifiers of truth.
137. *If there . . . itself*] if unity be bound by rule, so that one cannot be more than one.
138. *discourse*] reasoning. See note on II. ii. 116, above.

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Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

140. *Bi-fold*] *By-fould* Q; *By foule* or *foul* Ff. 148. *Ariachne's*] *Ariachnes* Ff; *Ariachna's* Q; *Ariathna's* Q (Steevens's copy in Brit. Mus.).

140-142. *where reason . . . revolt*] where reason can revolt against itself without involving its own ruin, and though maimed can claim the possession of all its powers as not guilty of revolt against itself; where reason can be a traitor to itself, and yet by such treachery not forfeit its essential virtue.

143. *there doth conduce*] if sound, as I think it is, probably means, "there is brought about," "there follows as a consequence". Rowe conjectures "commence," and many editors suspect *conduce*.

144. *a thing inseparate*] Malone takes this thing to be "the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is." Clarke explains: "A thing so inseparable as personal individuality —Cressida's identity with herself— becomes in my mind more widely divided than are the sky and the earth. . . . Troilus is trying to persuade himself that the false woman he has just seen is not his Cressida, and yet he is conscious that she is no other than her own heartless self." This latter seems to me to be undoubtedly what Shakespeare meant.

148. *Ariachne*] In an interesting note Ingleby, *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, pp. 64-67, writes: "That [*sc. Ariachne*] is the word of the folio 1623. The quarto of 1609 has Ariachna, and the undated quarto has Ariathna. This variation is thought to favour the view that the poet confounded the two names, Arachne and Ariadne, and possibly also the web of the former with the clew of the latter. Arachne was the spinner and weaver, and so subtle, *i.e.* fine spun (*subtilis*) was her woof that when it was woven into the web Minerva could not see how the web was made, and in a fit of jealousy and revenge tore it to pieces. If Shakespeare did confound the two fables, it is no more than his contemporaries did. . . . The point is of no moment. What is of moment for us to see is that by Arachne Shakespeare meant the spider into which Arachne was transformed, and which in Greek bears the same name; and that the *woof* he meant was finer than was ever produced by human hand, *viz.* the woof of the spider's web—those delicate transverse filaments which cross the main radial threads on *warps*, and which are perhaps the nearest material approach to mathematical lines! Thus has Shakespeare in one beautiful allusion wrapt up in

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Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart

156. *bound*] Ff; *given* Q.

two or three little words the whole story of Arachne's transformation, the physical fact of the fineness of the woof-filaments of a spider's web, and an antithesis, effective in the highest degree, to the vastness of the yawning space between earth and heaven. For what orifice could be imagined more exquisitely minute than the needle's eye which would not admit the spider's woof to thread it . . .?"

149. *Instance*] evidence, argument.

153. *knot, five-finger-tied*] Malone compares Massinger, *The Fatal Dowry*, ii.:—

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch
In true love's *knots* which naught but death shall loose".

154. *orts*] "'*Fragmenta, Mensæ reliquiæ*,' Coles's *Lat. and Eng. Dict.*: '*Orts*, the refuse of hay left in the stall by cattle,' *Craven Dialect*" (Dyce, *Glossary*). Compare *Lucrece*, line 985; *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 400.

156. *her . . . faith*] "Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has eaten his words" (Johnson); "her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was surfeited, and like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had thrown off. All the preceding words, the *fragments*, *scraps*, etc., show that this was Shakespeare's meaning" (Malone); "eaten and begnawn on all sides" (Schmidt). Possibly "which she has mouthed over and over again in her fulsome protestations of loyalty to Troilus". For *faith*, Walker conjectures "truth" or "troth".

157. *May . . . attach'd . . .?*] Is it possible that you are affected to even half the extent? For *attach'd*, compare *The Tempest*, III. iii. 5: "Who am myself *attach'd* with weariness". As *Troilus* is never a trisyllable with Shakespeare, I follow Dyce in adopting Walker's insertion of "but" before *half*.

160. *Mars his heart*] See note on IV. v. 177, above.

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Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

169. *sun*] *sunne* Q; *Fenne* or *Fen* Ff.

168. *hurricano*] waterspout; a name given primarily to the violent storms of the West Indies; Spanish, *huracan*. For the sense here, compare *King Lear*, III. ii. 2:—

"You cataracts and *hurricanoes*, spout,
Till you have drench'd our steeples".

169. *Constring'd*] drawn together.

173. *He'll . . . concupy*] Probably *it* is here used contemptuously for *him*, as Rolfe suggests, pointing out that *his* is the genitive of *it*. Schmidt (*s.v. it*) takes the phrase indefinitely, as "lord *it*," "foot *it*"; Delius would read "him": *concupy*, a coinage by Thersites for "concupiscence".

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Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Troy. Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

183. *castle*] used figuratively for the strongest possible protection. Compare "sconce," (1) head, (2) helmet, (3) bulwark, fortification.

187. *bode*] prognosticate, like a bird of ill omen.

189, 190. *the parrot . . . almond*] The fondness of parrots for almonds gives the title to an old play, *An Almond for a Parrot*, and the phrase is frequent in the dramatists, *e.g.* Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*, vol. i. p. 89 (Pearson's Reprint): "my tongue speaks no language but *an almond for parrot*".

Scene III.

Of this scene Mr. Collins (*Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 73) says: "The scene in *Troilus and Cressida* (v. iii.), where Andromache, Cassandra, and Priam are trying to dissuade Hector from taking the field against Achilles, bears so close a resemblance, especially in the stress laid on dreams and prophecies, to the scene in the *Seven against Thebes* where the Chorus are imploring Eteocles not to go out against Polynices, that it is difficult to suppose the resemblance is due to mere coincidence".

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Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O! 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

20, 21. *as lawful . . . use*] Tyrwhitt conj.; *as lawful . . . For we would count give much to as* Ff. 20-22. *To hurt . . . charity*] Omitted in Q.

4. *You train . . . you*] you tempt me to be rough with you.
6. *ominous . . . day*] prophetic of what the day will bring forth. Rowe in his second edition gave "to-day".
16. *peevish*] foolish.
21. *For we . . . thefts*] because we would give much in charity, to practise violent thefts. The reading in the text is Tyrwhitt's conjecture, and a large abundance of other conjectures will be found in the Cambridge Shakespeare. For *use thefts*, Dyce compares Middleton, *Women Beware Women*, IV. iii. 36: "Is it enough to *use* adulterous thefts . . .?"

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Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry;
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

26. *keeps . . . fate*] keeps to windward of, as so gains an advantage over, as in naval engagements and races. Compare *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 327; *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 181.

27. *dear*] Those who retain this, the reading of the quarto and the folios, explain it variously as "man of worth" (Delius), "man intense of purpose," "the earnest man". Others accept Pope's conjecture, "brave," supposing *dear* to have been caught from the line below. It is not impossible, I think, that we should read "clear" = of spotless honour. Compare *Macbeth*, I. vii. 18: "Duncan hath been so *clear* in his great office"; *The Merchant of Venice*, II. ix. 42: "that *clear* honour Were purchased by the merit of the wearer"; *King Lear*, IV. vi. 73: "the *clearest* gods".

34. *brushes*] encounters, frays; generally of a less serious kind.

37-42. *Brother, . . . live*] Compare above, IV. v. 105, 106 and 185-189.

38. *Which better . . . man*] Steevens compares Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, chap. 16: "The lion alone of all

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Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O! 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

45. *mothers*] Ff; *mother* Q. 48. *ruthful*] *ruthfull* Q, F 1; *rusefull* Ff 2, 3, 4.

beasts is gentle to those who humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him".

41. *Even . . . sword*] Compare *Hamlet*, II. ii. 495: "with the whiff and wind of his fell sword The unnerved father falls". For *fair*, which can hardly be sound, the conjectures are "fear'd," "fierce," "fell".

48. *ruthful*] It would be a pity to alter this to "deathful," Walker's conjecture, or "ruthless," Hudson's. It is quite in Shakespeare's way to use in one and the same line a word that has two cognate senses, as here of a feeling that is caused in others and one that is felt by the actor.

49. *then 'tis wars*] then war is really acted, there is no playing at fighting.

53. *Beckoning . . . retire*] In combats between two champions, the arbiter of the proceedings directed their course by a truncheon, or "warder," which was thrown down when the combat was to cease. Compare *Richard II.* I. iii. 118: "Stay, the king hath thrown his *warder* down," in the tourney between Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

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Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave

58. *But . . . ruin*] Ff; omitted in Q.

55. *recourse of tears*] tears in quick succession coursing down the cheek: *o'ergalled*, inflamed, made sore. Compare *Hamlet*, I. ii. 155.

65. *enrapt*] seized with a prophetic frenzy. Compare *Coriolanus*, IV. v. 122; *Macbeth*, I. iii. 57, and above, III. iii. 123.

69. *even . . . valour*] by the honour of a brave man.

73. *shame . . . respect*] do violence to the filial respect I owe you.

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To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam! yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell! dear Hector.
Look! how thou diest; look! how thy eye turns pale;
Look! how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:
Hark! how Troy roars: how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away! away!
Cas. Farewell. Yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.
[*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

85. *distraction*] Ff; *distruction* Q.

78. *upon . . . me*] I adjure you by your wifely love.

84. *shrills*] Steevens quotes instances of this verb from Spenser and Heywood.

86. *witless anticks*] grimacing lunatics. Not, I think, "puppets" or "buffoons," who would not necessarily be "witless".

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Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

101. *tisick*] *i.e.* phthisis, though here perhaps only symptoms of that disease, wheezing lungs, dry cough, etc.

107. *cursed*] "under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them" (Steevens).

110. *The effect . . . way*] A blending of "the effect is of another kind," and "they operate another way".

113. The Cambridge Editors note: "The folio here inserts the following lines:—

'*Pand.* Why, but heare you.

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SCENE IV.—*Plains between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other

10. *errand*] Hanmer; *arrant* Q; *errant* Ff: *O' the t'other*] *A th' tother* Q; *O' th' tother* Ff.

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.'

As they occur, with a slight variation in the first line, in the last scene, we have followed the quarto in omitting them. This is an indication that the play has been tampered with by another hand." And to the same effect Collier. Walker on the other hand observes (*Critical Examination*, etc., vol. iii., p. 203): "This is the proper place for these two speeches, for without them the scene ends abruptly; and on the other hand, the concluding lines of Troilus's speech, v. x., 'Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe,'—are evidently the concluding lines of the play itself: the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and anything additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion—an extra note after the harmony is completed. Besides, after what had passed, is it conceivable that Pandarus's disgrace should have been put off to the end of the play? Pandarus's epilogue must, therefore, be an interpolation. (Since I wrote this I have discovered that Steevens also thought that the play ended here.) Perhaps the words from '*A goodly medicine*' to '*painted cloths*' ought to be added to the end of v. iii. Troilus strikes Pandarus, or pushes him violently from him."

Scene IV.

1. *clapper-clawing*] sticking their claws into each other. Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. iii. 67. The *Eng. Dial. Dict.* shows that the word is still well alive in the sense of scratch, maul, fight in an unskilful way (generally of women).

3. *that same*] like "this same," almost always used in a sarcastic sense.

9. *luxurious*] lustful.

10. *of a . . . errand*] on a useless errand, *i.e.* to be scorned by Cressida.

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side, the policy of those crafty-swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore,
Trojan! Now the sleeve! now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

21. *and t' other*] *and tother* Q; *and th' other* Ff.

Compare Nicholson, *Acolastus* (1600): "My suit was *sleeveless*, my regard too cold"; Udall, *Fiotrophes* (1588) (Arber, p. 16): "he made me a *sleeveless* answer and sent me away"; also Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, IV. i., and *The Little French Lawyer*, II. 2.

11, 12. *crafty-swearing rascals*] rascals who to gain their ends will swear to anything. I have inserted the hyphen. Theobald conjectures "sneering"; Collier, "fleering".

15. *in policy*] to suit their purposes.

19. *to proclaim barbarism*] "to set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer" (Johnson).

24, 25. *advantageous . . . multitude*] perhaps, reasonable care for my life made me shun the risk of being crushed by numbers; Schmidt says: "perhaps, a care to spy advantages". Compare *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. i. 215.

27, 28. *Hold . . . sleeve!*] Tarring

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Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no; I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee: live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter DIOMEDES, *and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:

them on, the one to fight in order to keep, and the other to regain possession of Cressida and the sleeve given by her to Diomed. See above, IV. iv. 70. Collier, in his second edition, gave "now the sleeve, now the *sleeveless!*" *i.e.* the wearer of the sleeve and the one without it.

29. *Art thou . . . honour?*] Reed refers to Segar, *On Honor*, etc. (1602), to show that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or, if challenged, might refuse the combat. Compare *King Lear*, V. iii. 141-145, 153, 154.

34. *God-a-mercy . . . me*] God have mercy on you for believing me! or *God-a-mercy* may be merely "Thank you!"

Scene v.

1. *Go . . . horse*] Steevens points out that this is from Lydgate, and Menon's death (line 7) from Caxton, both of whom he quotes. In Heywood's *Iron Age*, pt. i. vol. iii. p. 305 (Pearson's Reprint), Paris taunts Diomed with having caught Troilus's horse when "unback'd," while Diomed claims to have unhorsed Troilus.

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Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius; Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,

7. *Margarelon*] mentioned by both Caxton and Lydgate, whom Steevens quotes. Heywood, *The Iron Age*, Act II., stage direction, calls him "one of Priam's youngest sons".

9. *beam*] "*i.e.* his lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, III. vii. 40:—

'All were the *beame* in bignes like a mast'" (Steevens).

14. *Sagittary*] Theobald quotes Caxton, "a mervayllous beste that was called *sagittayre*, that behinde the myddes was an horse, and to fore a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slew many of them with his bowe". Steevens adds a more circumstantial account from Lydgate.

20. *Galathe*] Also from Lydgate.

21. *lacks work*] because all flee before him.

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And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O! courage, courage, princes; great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself

22. *scaled*] Ff; *scaling* Q: *sculls*] Q; *sculs* Ff. 24. *strawy*] Q; *straying* Ff.

22, 23. *like . . . whale*] like shoals of fish flying before a whale; *scaled* is variously explained as "scaly," and as "dispersed," the latter being a sense which according to Halliwell (*Dict.*) the word formerly had in the North: *sculls*, "schools" and "shoals" are one and the same word in different spellings. Compare, Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song xxvi.:—

"My silver-*scaled skuls* about my streams do creep":

belching, spouting.

25. *swath*] a line of grass cut by the mower.

26. *he leaves and takes*] slays or spares according to his pleasure.

29. *proof*] fact.

35. *Crying on Hector*] cursing Hector for their wounds.

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With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

41. *luck*] Ff; *lust* Q.

40. *forceless care*] easy dexterity in escaping from the enemy's toils.

45. *boy-queller*] boy killer; A.S. *quellan*, to kill. Compare *2 Henry IV.* ii. i. 58: "a man-*queller* and a woman-*queller*".

Scene VI.

5. *Ere that correction*] before I would allow you to do what is my chosen task.

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Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come, both, you coggling Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O! well fought, my youngest brother.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha! Have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well.
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

10. *I will . . . upon*] I will not be a mere spectator.

17. *befriends*] *rest and negligence* being taken as a single idea = sluggish neglect of warlike exercise.

20. *much . . . man*] For the transposition of the article, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 422.

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He shall not carry him: I 'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I 'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I 'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I 'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.

26. *reck*] Pope; *wreake* Q, Ff 1, 2; *wreak* Ff 3, 4. *I end*] Q; *thou end* Ff.

24. *carry*] bear off as prisoner.

29. *frush*] batter, bruise. From "O.F. *fruissier, froissier* (mod. F. *froisser*)—popular Lat. *frustrare*, to shiver in pieces, f. Lat. *frustum*, fragment" (*New Eng. Dict.*). Steevens, among other passages, quotes Fairfax's *Tasso*, "Rinaldo's armour *frush'd* and hack'd they had".

Scene VII.

1. *Come . . . Myrmidons*] Clarke points out that in Caxton it is Troilus, not Hector, whom Achilles surrounds by numbers and kills. Heywood, *The Iron Age*, pt. i., gives the same details as Shakespeare, and in pt. ii. Penthesilea taunts Pyrrhus as being the son of a coward, and says, "Hector was by Achilles *basely* slain".

5. *Empale*] hedge in; "pale," an enclosure.

6. *execute your aims*] ply your business; *aims* is Capell's conjecture for "arms"; "execute your arms,"

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Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

11. *sparrow*] Ff; *spartan* Q.

in the sense of "make use of them," seems impossible, whoever was the writer of this scene.

11. *double-henned sparrow*] "perhaps = sparrow with a double-hen, *i.e.* with a female married to two cocks, and hence false to both" (Schmidt); but the expression is very anomalous and should mean "having two wives": *loo*, "a cry to excite dogs" (Craig on *King Lear*, III. iv. 79, where see the quotation from *Life of Butler*): *has the game*, wins.

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SCENE VIII.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and lays his sword aside.*

Enter ACHILLES *and Myrmidons.*

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forgo this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

7. *darking*] Ff; *darkning* Q. *next, come* Q; *thou, now* Ff.

11. *thou next! now*] Pope; *thou*

4. *Rest, sword; . . . death*] "Shakspere," says Knight, "borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romances".

7. *vail*] setting, sinking. The verb in similar senses is frequent in Shakespeare.

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Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching.*

[*Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he. 5

20. *bait*] *baite* Q; *bed* F 1; *bitt* or *bit* Ff 2, 3, 4.

17. *Dragon . . . night*] Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 379; *Cymbeline*, II. ii. 48; *Il Penseroso*, 591, "Cynthia checks her *dragon* yoke". Dragons were fabled to be sleepless.

18. *stickler-like*] "A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. . . . They were called *sticklers* from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists" . . . (Steevens).

19. *frankly*] Compare *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 106:—

"O were it but my life
I'ld throw it down for your deliverance,
As *frankly* as a pin";

and Surflet, *Countrie Farm*, 1600, i. 130: "Oxen are not to be *fed* so *frankely* and free in winter" (quoted in the *New Eng. Dict.*).

20. *bait*] food for travellers on a journey, food for horses, and in dialect used of a workman's mid-day meal.

Scene IX.

3. *bruit*] rumour, report. Shakespeare uses the verb also, *Macbeth*, v. vii. 22; *Hamlet*, I. ii. 127.

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Agam. March patiently along. Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE X.—*Another part of the Plain.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and Trojan Forces.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector! The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite all Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:

7, 8. *smite . . . once*] With Hudson I adopt Lettsom's conjecture for the reading of the old copies, "*smile at* Troy. *I say* at once." It seems impossible, even if "*smile at* Troy" were used derisively, that it should be followed by two lines invoking speedy destruction. Hanmer gave "*smite* at Troy, I say, at once".

13, 14. *But dare . . . in*] but dare whatever imminent dangers either gods or men may be preparing for me: *Address*, prepare, make ready.

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Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd
Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! And, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojan Forces.*

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*

23. *vile*] Ff; *proud* Q. 29. *frenzy's*] Dyce; *frienzes* Q; *frensies* Ff. 33. *broker-lackey*] Dyce; *broker, lacky* Q; *broker, lackie* F 1; *brother, lackey* F 2; *brothel, lacky* Ff 3, 4.

16. *screech-owl*] Compare *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. i. 383-385, and, for the thought, *2 Henry IV.* I. i. 100-104.

24. *pight*] pitched. Compare *Cymbeline*, v. v. 164.

33. *broker-lackey*] Dyce's reading; thou compound of pimp and tool:

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Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O traders and bawds, how earnestly you are set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

37. *traders*] Craig conj.; old copies *traitors*.

ignomy, this contracted form occurs again in *1 Henry IV.* v. iv. 100; *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 111. So, Peele, *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, sc. iii. 31, "Let *Ignomy* to my reproach, instead of Fame, Sound," etc., and sc. x. 40, "To me the blast of *Ignomy*; to thee Dame Honour's crown".

37. *traitors*] Mr. Craig's conjecture, "traders," seems certain. Compare line 47 below, "Good *traders* in the flesh".

47, 48. *painted cloths*] "cloth or canvas painted in oil and used for hangings in rooms" (Schmidt). Compare *As You Like It*, III. ii. 290; *1 Henry IV.* IV. ii. 28.

53. *Brethren . . . trade*] pimps and bawds. Compare *Henry V.* IV. v. 16; *Othello*, IV. ii. 91, 92.

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It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

57. *sweat*] *sweate* Q, F 1; *sweare* F 2; *swear* Ff 3, 4.

56. *some . . . Winchester*] "some one suffering from the venereal disease, who would be galled by my words. . . . Winchester goose, a cant term for a certain venereal sore, because the stews in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester" . . . (Dyce, *Glossary*). Compare *1 Henry VI.* I. iii. 35.

57. *sweat*] an allusion to certain treatment of the disease. See note on *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 87.

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APPENDIX I

ON Shakespeare's obligations to Chapman's *Iliad*, I extract part of an excellent note by Mr. J. Foster Palmer in *Notes and Queries* for 20th October, 1900:—

"The whole of this play, as I have elsewhere pointed out,[1] shows some acquaintance with Chapman's translations. In the first place, it must be remembered that Chapman's first version did not comprise the whole of the *Iliad*, but only the first, second, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh books, and was called *Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere*. These are precisely the books which contain the subject-matter of the play (excluding of course the Troilus and Cressida myth . . .). In the play Shakespeare, having introduced us to the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and to the characters of Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, Nestor, and Thersites—all contained in the first and second books—passes at once, in the first act, to the subject-matter of the seventh book, the challenge of Hector to the Greeks and its acceptance by Ajax Telamon, whose character is there indicated. This is continued through three acts. There are also allusions to events in the seventh, ninth, and eleventh books, including the embassy to Achilles; while the acts of Diomede, the prophecy of Hector, the wound of Menelaus, and other

[1] *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, vol. xv. pt. i.

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things contained in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books, are conspicuous by their absence.

"The well-known speech of Ulysses on military discipline, too, is evidently inspired by these lines of Chapman's:—

> We must not all be kings. The rule is most irregular
> Where many rule. One lord, one king, propose to thee; and he
> To whom wise Saturn's son hath given both law and empery
> To rule the public is that king.
>
> —Book ii. 172-75.

In the same scene is a still more striking instance, in which Ulysses complains of the disrespect shown by Achilles to Nestor's age:—

> And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
> Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, to spit,
> And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
> Shake in and out the rivet.

If this is not suggested by the following lines of Chapman in the eighth book, the coincidence is a remarkable one:—

> That Hector's self may try
> If my lance dote with the defects that fail best minds in age,
> Or find the palsy in my hands, that doth thy life engage.
>
> —Book viii. 93-5.

In the eleventh book of Chapman's *Iliad* Ajax is compared to a mill-ass (ὄνος). This description is adopted by Shakespeare with variations, and is kept up throughout the play: 'Thou scurvy-valiant ass'; 'An assinego may tutor thee'; 'His evasions have *ears* thus long,' etc. The character throughout is true to Chapman's description. The character of Menelaus is still more striking. I think no one who has read the description of Menelaus given by Chapman in his preface would dispute Shakespeare's acquaintance with it. The resemblance in this case can hardly

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be accidental: 'Simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small and shrill voice (not sweet, nor eloquent, as some most against the hair would have him), short-spoken, after his country, the laconical manner, yet speaking thick and fast, industrious in the field, and willing to be employed, and (being *mollis bellator* himself) set still to call to every hard service the hardiest'.

"The laconic brevity of speech is very characteristic of Shakespeare's Menelaus."

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APPENDIX II

III. iii. 4: *things of lore.* In the critical note below will be found the various readings and conjectures recorded by the Cambridge Editors. With the conjecture I have ventured to edit, "things of lore" will mean matters of soothsaying. The word "seen" was of old frequently used as = "versed," "skilled," and here I believe that "sight" has the cognate sense of "acquaintance," "experience," "insight". Thus Johnson, *Hymenæi, The Barriers*, line 161, writes:—

> She wears a robe enchased with eagles' eyes,
> To signify her *sight in mysteries:*

and, again, *Epigrams*, xiv. 8:—

> What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
> What *sight in searching the most antique springs!*

Now, in the former of these two passages, the word "mysteries" is almost the exact equivalent of "lore," "lore" in the case of Calchas being his learning derived from divination, learning which had warned him to forsake Troy, even though by so doing he earned the name of traitor; while in the latter passage the general sense is pretty nearly identical. Further, we have seen in many instances how closely Shakespeare follows Chaucer, and in *Troilus and Criseyde*, i. 64-77, we have two stanzas which must have been in Shakespeare's memory when writing this scene. They run:—

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Now fil it so, that in the toun ther was
Dwellinge a lord of greet auctoritee,
A gret devyn that cleped was Calkas,
That in science so expert was, that he
Knew wel that Troye sholde destroyed be,
By answere of his god, that highte thus,
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calkas knew by calculinge,
And eke by answere of this Appollo,
That Grekes sholden swiche a peple bringe,
Through which that Troye moste been for-do,
He caste anoon out of the toun to go;
For wel wiste he, by sort, that Troye sholde
Destroyed been, ye, wolde who-so nolde.

Here the words "That in science so expert was," and "So whan this . . . Appollo," correspond precisely with "through the sight I bear in things of lore," and *scientia* was of old the usual equivalent of "lore". Again, in book iv. lines 84-91, we have Calchas's account of what he had forfeited in terms that Shakespeare reproduces in lines 3-12 of this scene. Thus, Chaucer:—

Havinge un-to my tresour ne my rente
Right no resport, to respect of your ese.
Thus al my good I lost and to yow wente,
Wening in this you, lordes, for to plese.
But al that los ne doth me no disease.
I vouche-sauf, as wisely have I joye,
For you to lese al that I have in Troye.

Shakespeare:—

Appear it to your mind
That through the sight I have in things of lore,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me all

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That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.

Further, the succeeding stanzas of the same book represent Calchas's next speech in this scene.

III. iii. 4: *things of lore*] Ed; *things to love* Q, Ff 1, 2, 3; *things to come* F 4; *things to Jove* Johnson; *things, to love* Steevens conj.; *things above* Collier, ed. 2 (Mitford conj.); *things to Jove* Dyce; *things from Jove* Staunton (Becket conj.).

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